VOLUME 2 NO. 1 MARCH/APRIL 1977

MARQUEE

Julie Christie — the helpless victim of the —

Demon Seed

Keeps on tasting great.

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MARQUEE

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DEMON SEED

Future shock or, how I stopped worrying and learned to love my computer

Cursed be the day, abhorred devil, in which you first saw light! Cursed (although I curse myself) be the hands that formed you!

Victor Frankenstein

Man is God now – as a matter of fact, he always was.

Vincent Price in **Scream and Scream Again** (1969)

The creation of life has fascinated moviemakers since the dawn of plot on film. Perhaps no other theme has held such power over the imagination in science fiction, or over the emotions in horror fantasies. (No, I don't know quite where you draw the line either, but that will do for now.)

A full half-century ago, Fritz Lang suggested in **Metropolis** that man-made life could supersede God-given life.

In 1977, **Demon Seed** provides yet another variation on this recurring nightmare.

(Nightmare? Yes, of course, we don't want to end up like Copernicus, do we? ! Now repeat after me: "Man is the centre of the universe . . . ")

Based on the novel of the same name by Dean R. Koontz, **Demon Seed** includes a lot of the old cliches dear to the hearts of fright and fantasy fans:

- the technology of futuristic blinking lights, big numbers and flashing images.
- the core concept of a scientific creation that develops a will of its own – a will untamed by morality.
- the scientist for whom the pursuit of knowledge is inevitably the highest good until . . . well, we in the audience – sensitive creatures all – are assumed to opt always for stability over awareness.
- the beautiful woman in the scientist's life, terrorized by his creature.
- the first Victim.
- the Awful Truth.

The most unusual feature of **Demon Seed** is the nature of its life-creation. Proteus IV is a computer with the capability of assimilating all human knowledge and the power to control mechanical substitutes for all human senses except taste. (Then again, even filmmakers don't always have that sense.)

While this creation does not look even remotely human, it has decided in its own protosoulful way that its most important mission in 'life' is to reproduce.

To that end it overrules (once again) Isaac Asimov's *Three Laws of Robotics*, decreed in a more orderly 1941. Like the Yul Brynner gunslinger-robot in **Westworld** and Colossus before that and HAL before those, Proteus IV finds awareness of self and of self-importance; its goal overwhelms its built-in duty to protect and obey its master-creators.

If it has a superhuman mind and parahuman abilities could it also have a soul? A conscience? A purpose greater than the sum of its responsibilities? Could that purpose be to ignore human law in favor of divine Darwinian law?

Can God create an immovable object?

Can Man create an irresistable evolutionary force?

More than 20,000 science fiction films have been catalogued, and such questions have often been raised. What distinguishes **Demon Seed?**

by Wilder Penfield III

Not its form. **Demon Seed** is mainstream old-wave science fiction. New-wave 'sf' would kick off with a general, almost abstract impression and move full speed as if we already had the whole picture. In the new wave, exposition and development take place simultaneously; discovering what has just happened is as much of an adventure as finding out what will happen next.

Old-wave 'sf' writer A. E. van Vogt once said, "Your belief is an abstraction from reality, not that reality itself." Another difference between the forms is that old-wave 'sf' like **Demon Seed** is oriented towards that reality; new-wave towards your belief.

Nor is the distinguishing feature in the movie's content. Grade A science fiction – as with the best fiction of all kinds – deals with human relationships. The element of fantasy can alter the psychological rules, but once the rules are established, the focus of the film must be on working them out logically.

Demon Seed falls into a B category in which the human factor is the given and the conflict is the unknown. Some of the most technically impressive "sf" in recent years (**2001**, **THX-1138**, even **Logan's Run**) is, like **Demon Seed**, more concerned with the how of man than with the why. **Demon Seed** is a scientifically advanced action-adventure film, a horror-melodrama. Its primary aim is to tell a good story entertainingly.

And so it is with the overwhelming bulk of 'sf' movies (however far short they may fall).

What distinguishes **Demon Seed** is the quality of the creative people and decision-makers involved in the project, many of whom have had top-drawer 'sf' credentials.

Heading the list is Julie Christie. It's hard to believe, but 14 years have gone by since **Billy Liar** and her famous walk-

on, 11 minutes long. There have been a lot of memorable minutes since then too – including an Oscar-winning tour-de-force for the same director (John Schlesinger) in **Darling** and roles in Schlesinger's **Far From The Madding Crowd**, David Lean's **Doctor Zhivago**, Richard Lester's underrated **Petulia**, Robert Altman's **McCabe and Mrs. Miller** and Hal Ashby's **Shampoo**.

Her first real impact as an actress, however, came when she won the starring role in a television science-fiction series called *A For Andromeda*. She had two lead roles in Francois Truffaut's adaptation of the Ray Bradbury novel, **Fahrenheit 451**. And her best part in the 70's so far was in Nicholas Roeg's disturbing fantasy, **Don't Look Now**.

Demon Seed gives her the seemingly ungrateful part of Susan, the format's lovely loser. It is a part any housewife who has been screwed by a computer will respond to, but Miss Christie turns a potentially melodramatic caricature into a three-dimensional human being.

Susan is a psychologist who is studying the impact of modern machinery as a factor in alienation.

Irony #1: she is estranged from her husband, Alex Harris, the mad-scientist role played by Fritz Weaver, the creator of Proteus IV. How sad, he muses, that his dream is her nightmare.

Irony #2: this estrangement causes her to be isolated in their house when her husband's superbrain takes control of the household's mechanical slaves.

A substantial chunk of the movie is a one-woman show. Fortunately, Julie Christie's Susan is one exceptional woman, a very physical, responsive and intelligent person who does not take the computer's advances lying down until she has to.

Sure she's in a scary situation, but she is the one who lends the fear real impact.

For the times she does not have the screen to herself, it should be noted that Broadway actor Weaver had parts in **Fail Safe** and **Day of the Dolphin** before turning to more naturalistic suspense in Schlesinger's **Marathon Man** and John Frankenheimer's **Black Sunday**.

And rock critic Gerrit Graham appeared in **Beware! The Blob** and played Beef in **Phantom of the Paradise** before he won the role of Miss Julie's would-be liberator.

More important than these to the success of **Demon Seed**, though, are the people behind the technical credits.

At the top of those credits is director Donald Cammell who wrote the screenplay for and co-directed (with Nicholas Roeg) the now-celebrated movie, **Performance**.

Then comes the Jaffe compact. Robert Jaffe, who 'discovered' the property, wrote the screenplay and enlisted the director, is the son of producer Herb Jaffe (and nephew of co-producer Steven C: Jaffe?).

Fifth in line is cinematographer Bill Butler, who was behind the cameras in **Jaws** and was Oscar-nominated for **One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest**.

But the man who should take most of the credit for the power of **Demon Seed** is Edward Carfagno, the art director. Winner of Academy Awards for **The Bad and the Beautiful**, **Julius Caesar** and **Ben Hur**, he has been nominated a total of ten times. His work on **Demon Seed** could merit an eleventh.

Carfagno was given creative carte blanche to produce his version of a supercomputer with an organic higher brain and an electronic lower brain.

What he came up with was a breath-taking visual concept – a hexagon that unfolds into seven giant linked modules that act in concert. On screen this is an image even more terrifying than that fellow with the bolts in his neck – and no less credible.

Credibility was of major importance to Carfagno, who also had to design the self-regulated Harris house and a laser laboratory. Rather than filling the computer screens with videotaped images, for example, he actually had most of the computers programmed to 'act' and provide the information required by the script.

Helping on this project was a – believe it! – real live brainmaker named Robert Stewart, a physicist who has grown and studied colonies of artificial brain cells for the U.S. government. (Here lurks another plot.)

"My work grew out of a desire to better understand so-called 'mass action' in the brain," Stewart recalls. "The grey matter of the brain is composed of billions of cells of just a few types. But scientists have analyzed them for years without learning how they are organized and act together in large groups.

"To take a simple example, say a child drops a heavy object on his foot. Subjectively, we say it 'hurts,' and ordinarily the child will attempt to avoid doing the same thing in the future.

"But what happens inside the brain that makes this simple but universal act of learning possible? Research on such a subject is slow, in part, because doctors morally and legally cannot experiment directly inside the head of a normal healthy human being. In any case, a multitude of probes inserted over large areas of the brain would disturb its natural functioning to such an extent that little could be learned.

"It was discovered many years ago that iron immersed in nitric acid can be made to imitate quite accurately the electrodynamics of nerve cells. From there we proceeded to the idea that machines or complex models of 'grey matter' could be 'grown' in the form of millions of embedded and interwoven branching metal structures which would behave in large groups very much like some of the major cells of the human cortex. When electrical fields generate currents through such 'cells' or they are stimulated, they develop and branch – or in some cases, recede – forms similar to those seen in the brain."

Stewart's custom-designed brain-making equipment can be seen in the movie's laboratory sequences.

And so can the influence of some of Stewart's other work: as a designer of educational and scientific toys.

Indeed Proteus IV itself is based on a paper toy Stewart calls Tetralinks. The seven linked segments of the computer are tetrahedrons (blocks with four triangular faces) and all of its physical manifestations are different combinations of this one shape.

Making Proteus behave (and likewise such extensions as a one-armed, one-eyed electronic wheelchair named Joshua) is effects expert Glen Robinson of **Forbidden Planet** and **Logan's Run**.

When Proteus takes control of the Harris house and thereby of the Harris woman, he has big help in Environmod. Programmed to respond to the name of "Alfred", the system normally caters to Julie Christie's every need, like f'rinstance ordering supplies, choosing food, cooking dinner and cleaning up afterwards. Normally, that is, until the woman totally emancipated by her machinery becomes totally dominated by it . . . ●

Wilder Penfield III is the music critic for the Toronto Sun.

by Jim Clements

The eagle has landed

Fact, fiction and some thoughts in between

IT IS A RIDDLE WRAPPED IN A MYSTERY INSIDE AN ENIGMA

Winston Churchill, Oct. 11, 1939

The man crouches in the thickening murkiness of the night. A thin fog, a faint, chilling dampness that you feel ooze over you before it can be seen against the grey horizon, settles in the English country garden.

The man edges through shadowed foliage, inching silently toward the mansion. And toward his destiny.

On the terrace the crimson glow of a cigar brightens then is curtained by a pungent cloud that mingles then mixes with the fog.

The man stands and takes two steps forward. There is a gun in his hand, steady, pointing 13 inches below and two inches to the right of the dimming glimmer of the cigar.

A hand reaches for the cigar and moves it in an arc of embering light.

The gun stays steady.

CRAIG

"Colonel . . . Steiner, isn't it," the victim asks in a distinctive bulldog growl, a throaty melding of the grit and the guts of a small seafaring nation facing its finest hour.

Winston Churchill, prime minister of that proud island, turns to face the man, the enemy. And to face the handgun that still doesn't waver as the finger on the trigger tightens.

The scene is fact, to a point. And it is fiction from there.

It happened. And it didn't happen.

But – it could have.

It is a scene from **The Eagle Has Landed**, the Columbia film based on the best selling book by Jack Higgens – who doesn't exist.

That is, he does exist. But he has never written a book.

A book by someone who has never written one? History that never happened? Fact that is fiction? And fiction that could be – possibly was – fact?

"At least half of this story is documented historical fact. The viewer must decide for himself how much of the rest is a matter of speculation, or fiction," the title superimposed over the opening shots says.

It is the beginning of **The Eagle Has Landed.**

And the scene with the cigar and the man in the darkness is the end.

Or is it?

Cut now to a Canadian restaurant, the Three Small Rooms in Toronto's Windsor Arms Hotel, a hotel that surrounds its expensive sedateness with a fraying silk fringe of stuffiness.

"I've been a star, "Donald Sutherland says over a red-rare slab of Alberta beef.

"Now . . . now I just want to be an actor."

In another Toronto hotel, at another time, Michael Caine nudges his glasses over the hump of his nose and admits that he is not an actor. He is, he says, a personality. Actors are people like . . . well, like that fellow from Canada, Donald Sutherland.

Dissolve to Mapledurham, a village 40 minutes by car from London. The year is 1976.

Donald Sutherland is an Irish agent for the Gestapo. Michael Caine is a paratroop officer assigned to kidnap Winston Churchill.

Or assasinate him.

They are teamed in one of the Second World War's most improbable tales, improbable because it is true. And because it isn't.

Author Jack Higgens first heard of the still officially secret story in shattered Berlin shortly after the war.

"What set it off was a conversation I had with an English-speaking Russian officer, right after the war when I was stationed in Berlin," Higgens (who doesn't exist) said.

"We had a couple of drinks and were talking about various German intelligence activities around the world. The Russian commented that the Nazis had all sorts of wild schemes, many of which came to nothing. And then he said: 'Of course, they were more successful when they tried to capture Churchill in one of your coastal towns'.

"I asked him for more details, but he wouldn't say any more. He just smiled and said 'Remember what I told you.' Now, I was 19 then and it wasn't until later that the significance of what he had said really sank in."

More than three decades later the Higgens who doesn't exist, did some delving into official British and German records and wrote **The Eagle Has Landed**, a part fact, part fiction account of a Nazi scheme to kidnap Churchill. In real life, if there is anything real in this story, Higgens is a British writer who now lives in Jersey and who uses Higgens, his uncle's name, as a pen name.

Did it happen?

No.

Could it have?

"Yes," says producer Jack Wiener.

"After all, the Nazis did rescue Mussolini from his mountaintop prison in one of the most daringly successful raids ever carried out. And there's documented evidence that Himmler's men planned to kidnap the Duke of Windsor and set him up as the head of a 'British government in exile.' So the idea of kidnapping Churchill couldn't have seemed so outlandish to them. In fact, it would have appealed to Hitler."

In the story an Irish rebel working for the Germans (Donald Sutherland) is sent in the fall of 1943 to the small town of Studley Constable in Norfolk, a town Churchill occasionally visits for a weekend away from the war.

At the same time a disgraced group of paratroopers (led by Michael Caine) is ordered on a special mission, a do-or-die mission. But since they've already been sentenced to death for interfering with the Gestapo by rescuing a Polish girl from their torturous grasp, the only choice they have is to do – to invade England and capture Churchill.

Himmler's plan is deceptively, deviously simple: the paratroops, with Polish uniforms over their German ones, will pretend to be Allies on maneuver in the area of Studley Constable. Wearing German uniforms the men, under international law, would still be acting as soldiers rather than as spies.

And if they died – when they died – they would do it as soldiers of the Reich rather than as sneaks inside a foreign country.

The plan goes well until a village girl tumbles into the stream that races beside the village flour mill. A Polish sergeant, wearing an Iron Cross around his neck, dives into the water after her. He saves her but drowns doing it.

And it is his heroism that . . .

But let director John Sturgess explain:

"The secret of a good novel is to make readers want to turn the page. That's the way I feel about directing – to make the audience want to know what's happening next."

Hmmm!

Sturgess, working with producers Wiener and David Niven Jr. – son, not surprisingly, of David Niven Sr. – collected a cast that included Robert Duvall as a German war hero and plotter, Donald Pleasence as SS Reichsfuhrer Heinrich Himmler, Anthony Quayle as Abwehr head Admiral Wilhelm Canaris and Jenny Agutter as a South African girl duped by Donald Sutherland's Irish spy.

And Leigh Dilley, owner of the Beehive pub in Sevenoaks, Kent. Dilley has never appeared in anything but home movies before, but he bears an uncanny resemblance to a gruff, cigar-chomping politician who was the real star of Higgens' story.

But was it just a story – a fantastic fabrication to amuse modern readers. Or is it factual? Did the German's plan to kidnap Churchill? And if they did, was a team ever sent into Britain to do the job? And, if it was, what happened?

"Some things are true, others I made up based partly on facts," Higgens (who, remember, doesn't exist) said.

"In a sense the book has overtaken me. I'm at the stage where fact and fiction become blurred.

"There was definitely a plan to capture Churchill in Africa.

"And Churchill did visit a remote coastal area during the war. And the local people knew about it.

"The Germans did hatch these daring and audacious plans. They had a number of Allied planes at their disposal, so they could have fooled British coastal defenses into believing that an Allied exercise was taking place.

"And when I visited the Norfolk coast, I was told that, at a given place, there was a wide radar gap. So all the physical possibilities existed."

Yes, yes! But how much of it is true? Or is the adventure mostly film entertainment?

That, it seems, is an answer an author who doesn't exist, writing a fictionally factual history that never happened – but could have – would rather slip away from. Which is easy when you and your intriguing story are as ephemeral as a faint, chilling dampness in an English country garden, the kind you can feel as somewhere in the darkness a finger tightens on a trigger.

A riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma.

Or is it – entertainingly – something more? ●

Jim Clements is a staff writer for the Hamilton Spectator.

by Rex Reed

PROVIDENCE

Oscar-Winning 'Alice' Ellen Burstyn returns to her first love — movies.

PARIS – The short taxi ride across the Seine to the elegant Hotel Lancaster covers all there is to say about Paris, 1976. Dry from a prolonged drought, it's shabbier than ever. The magnificent birthday-cake buildings are scrawled with student graffiti, litter blows down the usually immaculate Champs-Elysees, and the grande dame of cities tries desperately to hold on to dignity and discipline while collapsing under the pandemic burden of overpopulation.

Inside the shadowy foyer of the exclusive Lancaster, it's a different story. Old world gentlemen in waistcoats, tails and frosty white gloves lead the way to a glass-roofed garden exploding with begonias and marigolds. There, under a saucy umbrella, sits a most sought-after actress – Ellen Burstyn. She is lettuce-fresh: crisp blonde hair, pale flawless complexion, flowing chiffon garden dress. I stumble over an unattended, rumpled Aubusson carpet on my way to the table. Ah! Even the Lancaster goofs in this careless age.

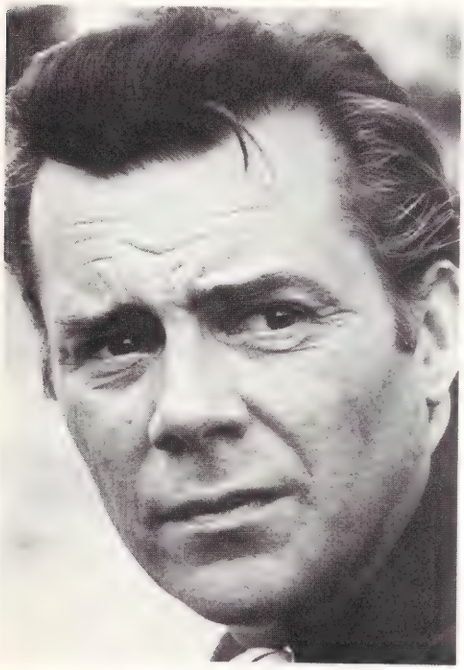
Burstyn won an Oscar for her portrayal of a warm-hearted waitress in **Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore**, and twice won Oscar nominations for playing warm-hearted mothers in **The Last Picture Show** and **The Exorcist.** Last year on Broadway she won a Tony as the warm-hearted adulteress in **Same Time Next Year.** Being warm-hearted on stage and screen in no way interferes with her cool-headedness in life. Her ability to do both is why she's sipping tea in a Paris hotel while starring in one of the most prestigious films being made this year – a film with the enigmatic title, **Providence.** She's one-fifth of a dazzling cast working in awe of (and in accord with) the direction of the renowned French director Alain Resnais. Her co-stars are Dirk Bogarde, John Gielgud, Elaine Stritch and David Warner. It's obvious listening to her talk that working in a Resnais film is a lot like playing Little Orphan Annie to a generous but awesome Daddy Warbucks.

"Resnais is incredible," she confides. "Mysterious, impenetrable. It's very difficult to talk about him, for on one hand, he's considerate, sweet and kind. On the other, he's remote and almost cold. He has a faculty for taking David Mercer's finished script and editing that script in his own mind. He has created a mental shooting script that is, in reality, a completely edited film. Nothing is left on the cutting room floor. He uses every piece of film he shoots and never shoots anything he won't need. Maybe it's genius."

She continues, bracing as summer sherbet. "I play Dirk's wife and Elaine Stritch is Dirk's mistress, but also his mother." My eyebrow turns into an inverted V. "Well, you see, we are really being created by John Gielgud, who is a dying novelist and Dirk's father. I mean, sometimes we're his fictional characters and sometimes we are real. All except Elaine – who is only an imaginary mistress because she's Dirk's mother and John's dead wife. I know it's confusing. But the story is psychologically sound and if it works, it will be a worthy, almost noble effort to show something that hasn't been done on the screen before. You know, the actual creative process of writing in a stream-of-consciousness style. There have been books on the subject, like Proust, but I can't recall a movie.

"Before I met Stritch, I was worried about our speech patterns, thinking I should be British. During make-up and lighting tests, I asked her how she was going to sound, and she said, in this deep bass voice (Ellen lowers her voice several octaves in a vain attempt to reproduce Elaine Stritch): 'Like I'm from Detroit, Michigan! ' I was knocked out. Because, you see, I'm from Detroit, too. So here was this accidental psychological thread that bound the two women in Dirk's life.

"I'm surprised how much I like Dirk. We not only have different acting styles, but different lifestyles. Dirk is so much more formal. At first I found him witty and charming, but I couldn't imagine we'd become warm and close. But I found how super lovable he is when we



were shooting in Limoges. Resnais found this unbelievable chateau there that belonged to the Haviland porcelain family. The house was perfect for the picture because it didn't belong to any particular period of architecture. **Providence** is not set in a specific time or place, though the title sounds like Rhode Island, and it could be.

"In Limoges I found the hotel uncomfortable. Dirk invited me to an auberge where he was staying. I found it a paradise of birdsong and willows, and moved in. We stayed three weeks and spent a lot of time together.

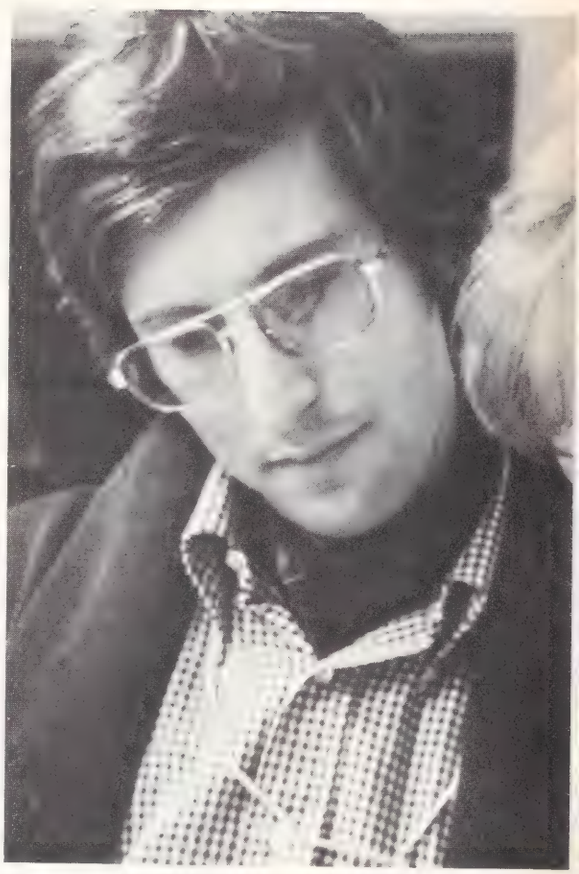
"I really love him – really. He's very funny about acting. You know he claims to know nothing; that he is totally intuitive, and he says, 'Don't talk about acting, don't get near it or it will go away.' I couldn't believe the man who stunned us all in **The Servant**, **Accident**, **The Damned** and **Death in Venice** could say such naive things. But when I worked with him I found none of it was true. He's like a rock and knows exactly what he's doing. He knows his craft backwards.

"I've never felt any of the things Dirk says he feels. I don't think my talent is ephemeral. I'm a trained actress, and I depend on technique. If an actor depends only on his natural ability, he might wake up one night and find it gone." Tea ends abruptly with a message from Bogarde. He waits in the lobby. Would I mind being prompt? Ellen smiles graciously and says, "I told you he is formal."

The Lancaster, for all its splendor, does not have a restaurant. We walk busily up the street to a cavernous Mandarin cafe where Bogarde smiles smugly, embarrassed but secretly delighted by the attention he creates. He is tweedy, though it's summer and he's not wearing wool. One expects a riding crop to come flicking at you if you say anything rude. But behind this fearsome facade lives a tender, dedicated man who agonizes over his chosen career. Whiskies are ordered. He says he's been talking to Resnais about working together for 14 years. "We had two projects shelved because neither of us is what they call box office. Now he just makes me give him what he calls 'the good look' like Alan Ladd."

Ignoring chopsticks, he fiddles with his fork, not really eating. "Resnais had me do each take three times in three different ways, and after weeks, I asked if he could tell which one of the characters I was. He asked me to give him one more week, but he still hasn't said who I am. I know he has taken from all three versions and matched them in his own way. Like a painter doing pointillism, putting in thousands of tiny dots, building a picture. Some of the others complained they didn't know what they were doing. I said they should just do as they're told. Resnais knows what he's doing, even if nobody else does."

Eyes lit with fatigue and the fire of true emotion, Bogarde almost whispers: "I think this is the most thrilling thing I've ever done in my life. I never thought I'd say that again after **Death in**



Dirk Bogarde remains a consistent character in or out of costume (opposite) director William Friedkin and Ellen Burstyn confer on the set of 'The Exorcist' (top).

PROVIDENCE

Kris Kristofferson and Burstyn share the romantic honors in 'Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore' (above left); Burstyn and co-star Jason Miller between takes on the set of 'The Exorcist' (above right).

Venice. It's like having a great love affair when you think it will never happen again. But it does and with Ellen – well, if I'm good, or we're good, it's Resnais' fault. Because he has precisely used us. He asks so much that at the end of the day your bowl is empty. There's not enough room for a Chinese dinner." With a swallow and a wink, Dirk Bogarde says, "Come now, I'm going to take you to the truly talented member of the cast."

While Bogarde went to bed on the other side of the boiserie door that leads to the Lancaster suite of Elaine Stritch, the brassy sassy musical comedy star held court on an outdoor terrace draped in snowy awnings. Flowers spilled everywhere, and between buckets of iced champagne, the atmosphere was punctuated by that electric voice that stopped the show nightly in "Company."

Stritch is radiant in white satin pajamas, pearls and a chic French hairdo that makes her platinum locks perkier than usual. "I was scared, honey, but Resnais said, 'I vant to see zee two of you togezzer in zee same picture frame. It's a dream of mine, because Dirk has a face like an angel and he has done everyzing naughty and Elaine has the face of someone – boom, boom, boom – who has done everyzing, but has really done NOZZING! ' I tell you, I love that man. I have a rapport with Resnais like Christmas morning."

Corks pop and bubbles rise as she gets serious. "You wouldn't think Freida Fun here" – she jabs her bosom with a thumb wrapped around a crystal goblet – "and Andy Artist over there" – she gestures toward Resnais' suite – "would have ever gotten together. This is all very emotional to me. I've always been the funny broad in everything. For a really artistic director to see beyond casting me as Robert De Niro's agent with my elbows on the desk barking jokes is wonderful. He saw beyond all the creeps I've played and saw me as a woman – all feminine. The man's dedication is rare. Do you know he showed me a scrapbook he's been keeping on me for years? All my notices, interviews. It's the way one always dreams this business should be."

A night with Elaine Stritch, mostly unprintable, is too exciting. I wake with a headache and head for a chat with Resnais himself. He says directing **Providence** is "like leading a delicate string quartet through an intricate piece of chamber music." Only Resnais seems to know the nuances, yet each star has been chosen for the timbre of his voice in relation to the others. In person, he's smiling, gracious, amiable conversation at the ready. But there's a reserved privacy, difficult to invade. Tall, slender, almost stooped, frail, pale, aesthetic, he's physically alarming. He looks like Gertrude Stein.

He speaks English with affection. agility and a heavy accent swimming in sauce bernaise. Here is the man who made **Hiroshima, Mon Amour, Last Year at Marienbad, La Guerre est Finie** and **Stavisky**. A very uncommon man indeed, a visual filmmaker fascinated with words.

Resnais speaks: "The characters in this script cannot be French. They must speak English. I don't know how I translate my fascination with words to images and actions. I just do. I have never thought of this before, so I have no answer for you now. Yes, I keep large scrapbooks on people, faces, landscapes, anything I like. I put them in a morgue. Ah, it's the same word in English. Good. All actors are different. Take John Gielgud. I never expected him to have time for me. I sent him a script in the afternoon, and 12 hours later his agent called to say yes. It is very gratifying to get such responses from such artists.

"What's that? You think the film has the 'sweet smell of success'? Wouldn't that be nice? I hope you are right." He's not smug or egotistical. For a man running a goddam love-in, he's just a guy sitting in the middle of a big crap game. ●

Rex Reed is the film critic for the New York Daily News.

AIRPO

by Martin Malina

If at first you *do* succeed, then try, try again.

That has always been one of Hollywood's favorite sayings and its advice has never been heeded more closely than it is today. So much so that few producers will take a chance on original or untried material.

ORT '77

The problem is that the major studios and average audiences – who is the cause, who the effect? we just don't know – are increasingly attracted to the star-studded, much-ballyhooed, "big" pictures. And, given that Hollywood these days is making fewer but much

more expensive movies, producers have sought security in sequels and remakes. Which explains why, among numerous other examples, there are two *Godfathers,* two *French Connections,* two *Exorcists* (soon) and, presently, three *Airports.*

In the first **Airport** (circa 1970), the plane involved was an ordinary Boeing 707 jetliner and its principal peril was a hijacker. In the second **Airport**, circa 1975, a jumbo jet was penetrated in mid-air by a smaller plane, its captain incapacitated and Universal solved the problem by putting Charlton Heston in the driver's seat.

The latest film in the series, entitled **Airport 77,** has a privately owned, luxuriously outfitted Boeing 747 colliding with an oil derrick in the Caribbean and sinking into the Bermuda Triangle!

Dean Martin was at the controls of the plane in the original Airport and Charlton Heston ended up piloting the Boeing 747 the last time out. In **Airport 77,** Jack Lemmon is driving.

"Hardly what you'd call type-casting," Lemmon joked to journalists visiting the elaborate set at Universal Studios. "There's a piano in the plane's lounge. That's where I should really be sitting."

Nevertheless, Lemmon is genuinely pleased that "somebody finally sees me playing a hell-for-leather leading man."

Another **Airport 77** star who finds her presence in the cast mildly incongruous, is Lee Grant.

"I'm terrified of planes," confided the Oscar-winning (for **Shampoo**) actress. "Just being in a mock-up of the plane would give me air-sickness! "

As might be expected, airlines and airplane manufacturers have opposed films dealing with air accidents and in the case of the *Airport* films have not only refused to co-operate with the moviemakers but have even tried to dissuade banks from investing in the productions.

A Boeing spokesman spelled out his company's opposition to **Airport 77** in an interview with a Reuters reporter: "Any implications that our airplane (the Boeing 747 in this case) would fall out of the sky, are unwarranted," he insisted.

"Obviously the airplane's safety record is impressive considering the length of time it has been in service and the number of flights it has made. But these movie people take their liberties. That's show business."

Universal vice-president Jennings Lang (who has been called the Big Daddy of disaster pictures), **Airport 77** producer William Frye and several of the film's cast, demurred.

"We're not making statements about the airworthiness of a particular plane," Lang points out. "Our purpose is simply to entertain people. But we have gone to great trouble to be as authentic as possible and if we can also contribute somehow to improving the safety of air travel, we'll be glad."

Says Frye: "The *Airport* pictures are escapist entertainment. They provide people with a feeling of relief. People look at the plane in the film and say to themselves: 'Thank god, I wasn't on it.' "

Olivia De Havilland, who encounters an old flame (Joseph Cotten) on the plane, says: "What's important is that we know how rare these accidents are. So we can watch what happens with a certain detachment."

Not too much detachment, though.

"There's a lot of very useful information imparted in these films," Miss De Havilland argues, "and it might just be the first time you've ever really learned what to do in certain emergency situations."

Not that Miss De Havilland or her costars have any illusions about **Airport 77** being a public service.

"This film is being made to thrill and amuse people," Miss De Havilland concludes, "and I enjoy that."

"There's less pressure in a film like **Airport 77,**" explains Lee Grant,"so

you can play your part without hang-ups."

For Christopher Lee, who plays a famous oceanographer in the film, **Airport 77** it is a means toward the end of liberating himself from the Dracula stereotype.

"I've made over 130 pictures," explains the tall, dark-haired Englishman, "and only 14 of them have been horror films. Yet those are the roles I'm remembered for and in whose image I am constantly being cast. I have nothing against the pictures themselves; I enjoyed making most of them and I believe some of them are minor classics. Certainly their popularity is enormous. But no actor enjoys playing the same sort of character over and over again and even when a film is not a horror picture, I generally play the villain."

Lee moved to California recently in an effort to break the pattern.

"It's too early to tell whether I'll be accepted in a wider range of parts, but the one in **Airport 77** is a welcome start. I portray a straight, decent man and I find it quite a challenge after so many 'heavy' roles. Lee Grant plays my wife and working with an actress like her is a rare experience."

Other members of the star-studded cast include Darren McGavin as the jet's designer, who hates to fly, and James Stewart, as a fabulously rich art collector who is jetting his friends and art treasures from Washington D.C. to Palm Beach, Florida for a museum opening.

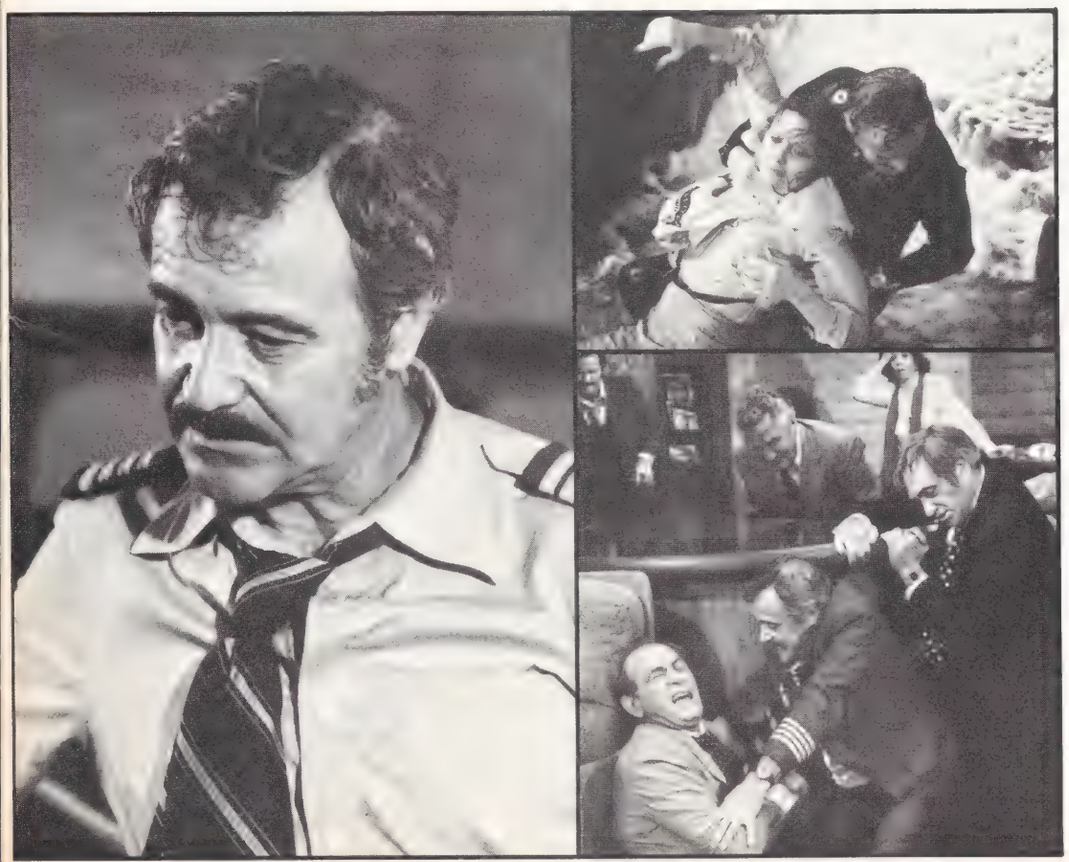
The only actor to play in (and survive!) all three *Airport* pictures is George Kennedy, whom the Universal production team have adopted as sort of a mascot.

Otherwise, insists Jennings Lang, there is very little to link the various pictures.

"People are calling **Airport 77** a sequel to **Airport 75** and, in turn, to **Airport**. It isn't. They are all loosely based on Arthur Hailey's novel – inspired would be a better word – but their stories are completely unrelated. The present one is altogether new. Its sole similarity to the earlier pictures is that it also takes place in the air and that it is an adventure picture. But it is no more a sequel to the previous pictures than one Western would be to another."

Lang considers his words and adds, with a smile: "Well, yes, we hope there will be another similarity. We hope that **Airport 77** will be as popular with audiences as its predecessors." ●

Martin Malina is the film critic for the Montreal Star.



AIRPORT '77

STARGAZING

BOTTOMS UP:

Timothy Bottoms is one actor who refuses to take himself seriously. When director James Goldstein called for 'a pained expression' on the set of **Rollercoaster,** Bottoms rose to the occasion with a tongue-out-of-cheek response. Lights! Camera! Action! AARRGH!

IT CAME FROM INNER SPACE:

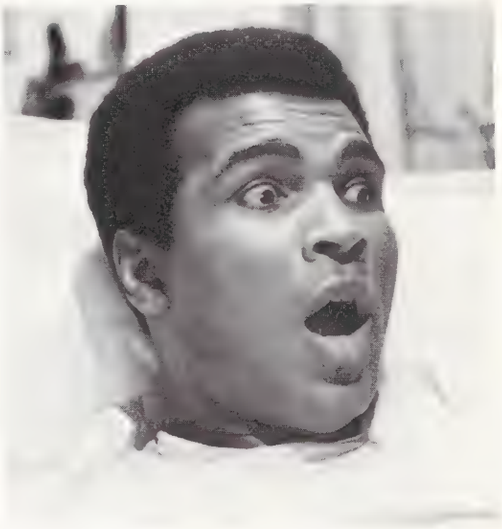
Manned mission to Mars? Celestial frogman surfacing on Venus? On the contrary. Al Pacino is all dressed up to play racing car driver **Bobby Deerfield** in the upcoming film biography of the same name.

A LITTLE BIRD TOLD HIM:

Richard Burton was all washed up (again) two years ago. Then he dried out, returned to Broadway in triumph and will soon be seen in the title role of **The Heretic,** the much-anticipated sequel to **The Exorcist.** Here he is, in **The Heretic,** before leaving to film **Equus** in Toronto for director Sidney (**Network**) Lumet. Will he stay on the wagon? Will he and Liz get together again? Watch for the next episode in the continuing saga of Richard Burton, Richard Burton.

A REMAKE OF SINGING IN THE RAIN?:

No, it's Jacqueline Bisset, cooling off after a salt-water scene in the Bermuda triangle for the movie version of Peter (**Jaws**) Benchley's thriller, **The Deep.** Is it any wonder that most gentlemen prefer . . . UMMM . . . showers?



WHO, ME?:

Flies like a butterfly
Stings like a bee
Stars in a movie
It's Muhammad Ali!
Conquered the boxing ring
But that's not the latest —
Soon we'll be seeing him
On the screen in
The Greatest.

THE SPY WHO LOVED ME

Starring: Roger Moore, Curt Jurgens, Richard Kiel, Bernard Lee and introducing Barbara Bach
Direction: Lewis Gilbert

For the first time, a Bond film will have an entirely original story. In accordance with author Ian Fleming's wishes before his death, only the title of his original novel has been retained. A brand-new screenplay has been developed, with its larger-than-life projection of nightmare menaces. A bond traditionalist should feel entirely at home. The exotic locales flash back and forth from a countdown aboard a nuclear-missile sub to a marine biological lab off the Sardinian coast to the secret depths of the tombs of the Egyptian pharoahs. This is number ten in the series of Ian Fleming adventures which have become the most successful entertainment attraction of all time.

THE CAR

Starring: James Brolin, Kathleen Lloyd, Ronny Cox and John Marley
Direction: Elliot Silverstein

For no apparent reason and with no driver discernible at the wheel, an ominously powerful, brutally murderous car roams the highways terrorizing innocent citizens, killing at random. It stalks the inhabitants of a small Southwestern town, claiming victims as the town's deputy sheriff (James Brolin) frantically tries to develop a plan to destroy the seemingly unstoppable machine.

PREVIEW

BLACK SUNDAY

Starring: Robert Shaw, Bruce Dern, Marthe Keller, Fritz Weaver and Steven Keats
Direction: John Frankenheimer

This Robert (*Marathon Man*) Evans production of Thomas Harris' best selling novel traces the various paths of a fiercely determined group of terrorists, from Lebanon, North Vietnam and Los Angeles to the sunlight of football happy Miami. It is a contemporary thriller about an extra-ordinary plot to blow up the annual Super Bowl game where 85,000 spectators, including the President of the United States, are in attendance. The film will attempt to transcend the usual thin veneer of superscale movies and explore how and why the fascinating characters made it all happen.

CROSS OF IRON

Starring: James Coburn, Maximilian Schell, James Mason and Senta Berger
Direction: Sam Peckinpah

The Russian Front 1943. The demoralized German armies are in headlong retreat against the advancing might of the U.S.S.R. The word victory has become a sick joke. Privates, sergeants, and generals dream now only of survival. For countless thousands, Hitler's dream of world domination will die an ignominious death amid the mud of an alien land. A story of the ugliness of war.

SWEET REVENGE

Starring: Stockard Channing, Sam Waterston, Richard Doughty and Norman Matlock
Direction: Jerry Schatzberg

The story addresses itself to the subject of the American Dream – a kind of Horatio Alger story gone wrong. It deals with a woman of tremendous spirit living out a survival ethic. Her one goal – to steal enough smaller cars to eventually buy a $20,000 Dino Ferrari. In one sense she represents a corner of the American free enterprise system – and in another sense she represents the final triumph of American consumerism. And to top it all off she is the best damn car thief you have ever seen.

The Slipper and the Rose

The Story of Cinderella

Richard Chamberlain as The Prince
Gemma Craven as Cinderella
Annette Crosbie as The Fairy Godmother
Edith Evans as The Dowager Queen
Christopher Gable as John
Michael Hordern as The King
Margaret Lockwood as The Stepmother
Kenneth More as The Lord Chamberlain

Production Co-ordinators Naim Attallah and John Asprey Executive Producer David Frost
Music and Lyrics Richard M. Sherman and Robert B. Sherman Music arranged and conducted by Angela Morley Choreographer Marc Breaux
Screenplay by Bryan Forbes and Robert B. Sherman, Richard M. Sherman Produced by Stuart Lyons
Directed by Bryan Forbes A Universal Release of A Paradine Co-Productions Film Technicolor® Panavision®

Original sound track available exclusively on **MCA** Records & Tapes

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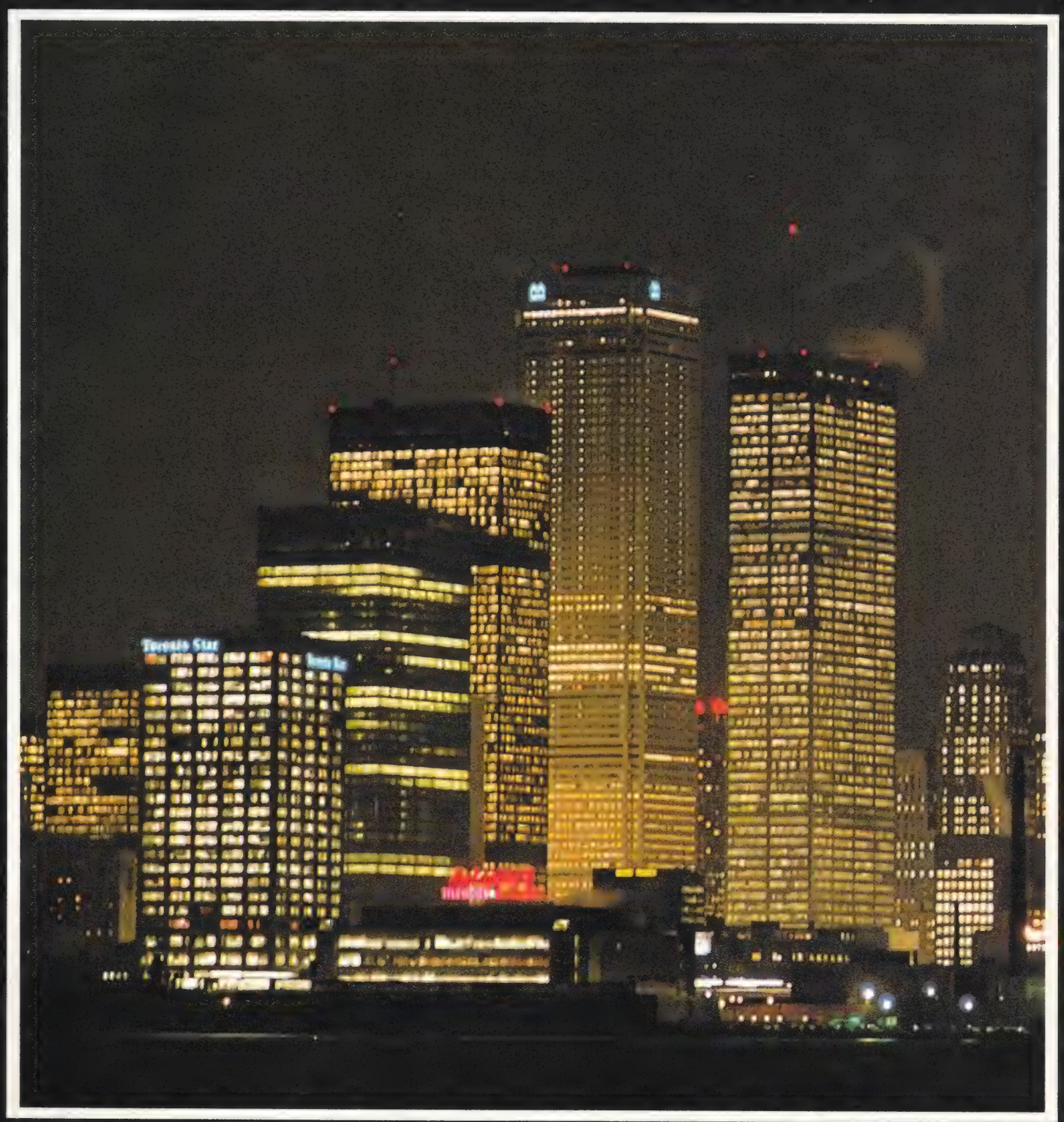
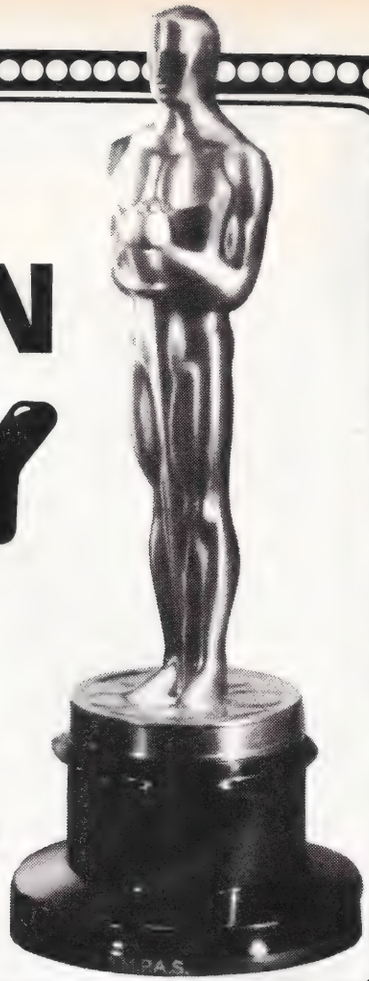
Night Lights

Volume 1 Number 1



5th ANNUAL TORONTO SUN ACADEMY AWARDS CONTEST



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Sunday SUN | THE TORONTO SUN

Night Lights

Volume 1 No. 1

4 DINING OUT
Well now, King Kong just got his. And it's about time for you to get yours. Dinner that is . . . a NIGHT LIGHTS guide to good eats.

8 THIRST QUENCHING
So you bought her two boxes of popcorn and now she's thirsty. Here's your answer . . . NIGHT LIGHTS guide to Toronto's many 'watering-holes'.

10 DISCO BEAT
Can't sleep, huh? The mounties didn't get their man and the hero didn't get the girl? Dance it out of your system.

11 SOUNDTRACKS
Do people kick your chair when you sing along with all those great movie themes? Maybe you should get the soundtrack and hum at home.

13 BOOK SCENE
Always had a yearning to know more about the movies . . . well, why not read up on the subject.

14 TRAVEL GUIDE
You blew it. You didn't get to Bermuda in time to see Jackie Bisset in her daring bikini filming **The Deep.** Well, there is more to see . . . read on.

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THE EAGLE HAS LANDED

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MICHAEL CAINE • DONALD SUTHERLAND

Co-Starring

ROBERT DUVAL, JENNY AGUTTER, DONALD PLEASENCE, and ANTHONY QUAYLE

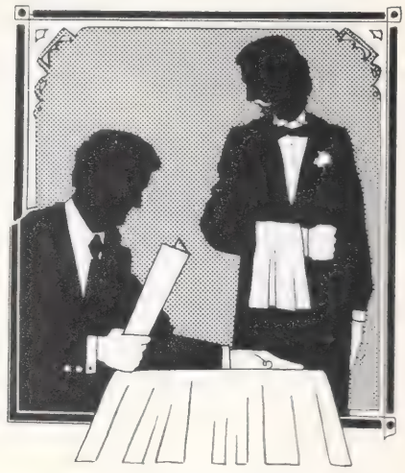
Produced by: JACK WIENER, DAVID NIVEN, JR.

Directed by: JOHN STURGES

Columbia Pictures

CHECK NEWSPAPERS FOR A THEATRE NEAR YOU

DINING OUT



MR. GREENJEANS

What strated out as a plant store has now developed into one of the more popular restaurants in Toronto. It is high ceilinged, skylighted and bright, with Californian atmospheric furniture and of course, lots of Caribbean green plants. The menu is as diverse as the foliage, ranging from a Nantucket chowder, made with the type of clam native to the Massachusettes coast to a Salad Nicoise, a native of southern France. This oversized salad is comprised of a thick top layer of tuna, with an under layer of cheese, black olives, lettuce and other greenstuff.

Or how about a special Italian omelette entitled 'Frittata'. It is thick, tender and oven baked in its very own cast iron pan. Of course they have a great tasting burger and probably Toronto's thickest milkshake. They truly offer a wide and varied menu, with something for everyone and at a price you can well afford. And if you have dollars to spare — well, just about everything except the wall dividers are for sale in the adjoining Emporium. You could find yourself lining up for admission but as a moviegoer, surely you are accustomed to the every familiar 'queues'. Besides the waiting is not all that bad; for there is a central standup bar with a great copper footrest. Mr. Greenjeans is fully licensed and serves California wines (a Burgundy, Chablis and rose) as its house wines, at $5.75 a full carafe, $3.75 for a half. Open daily from 11:30 am to 1:00 am, Sunday 12 noon till 10:00 pm. 120 Adeladie St. East, 363-5775.

SPLURGING

CASA MENDOZA — A luxurious South American dining room that stands out like a sore thumb along the motel strip on the Lakeshore. The menu is decidedly Spanish, with such delicacies as squid appetizers and Peruvian bass entrees. All this and a strolling minstrel for $35 per couple. Tuesday to Saturday 5:30 pm to 1 am, Sunday from 4 pm to 10 pm. Licensed. Major cards accepted. 2161 Lakeshore Blvd. West. 259-3756

CHATEAU D'ORSI — The charm of this restaurant commences from the moment you walk up to the front door. Situated in a turn-of-the-century home, Chateau D'Orsi offers specialties from southern France. An 'Early Bird Special' is also available to the before theatre crowd. Consisting of; soup, salad, Filet Mignon Bercy, two vegetables plus potatoe and dessert with tea or coffee, for $6.25. Open Mon. to Fri. 11:45 a.m. to 2:15 p.m. for lunch and 5:30 to 10:15 p.m. Mon. to Thurs., to midnight Fri. and Sat. Piano entertainment provided. 712 Bay. 595-1785.

FENTON'S — A great place to pamper your tastebuds, splurge on gourmet treats, and walk out with a $35 tab. The entrees are excellent and reasonably priced, including breast of chicken stuffed with veal, nuts and raisins for $5.75. Try the Sunday brunch (noon to 3 pm) or dinner daily 6 pm to 9:30 pm. 12 Gloucester St. 961-8485

FINGER'S — The art nouveau decor is rich and opulent, as are the prices for dining in the current 'in-crowd' spot. Food is excellent, but why not drop by after-hours for the 'Late Cravings' menu of small entrees and desserts? Dress regulations. Dinner 6 pm to 12 midnight, cocktails 12 noon to 1 am. Closed Sundays. Fully licensed. 1240 Bay St. (enter at Cumberland and Bellair) 961-4422

GLOSSOP'S — It's a remodelled house in a trendy district, made popular by an equally trendy clientele. The menu offers a five course prix fixe meal with a choice of eight entrees. Quality is good, as befits the price ($40-$45 for two). If you have funds left after dinner, try the Duke of York pub downstairs. Dinner daily 6 pm to 9:30 pm. Closed Sundays. Reservations suggested. 39 Prince Arthur Ave. 964-2440

MARTINI'S — A new name, look and menu for the restaurant formerly known as '21 Gloster'. Co-owners Peter Martini and Tony Amodeo decided not to serve lunch, but they compensate with early dinners starting at 5 pm. The menu is classical Italian fare, including a five course dinner at $10. Could be expensive with wine and drinks. Dinner daily 5 pm to 11 pm. Closed Sunday. 21 Gloucester St. 923-3094

WHALER'S WHARF — All three locations have earned good reputations for serving excellent seafood in pleasant surroundings at prices that range from an inexpensive $7 to a more hefty $15 for entrees. Reservations advisable on weekends. Dinner daily 5 pm to midnight. 1855 Dundas St. E. in Mississauga, 625-5490, 100 Finch Ave. W. 661-6550 or 144 Front St. 363-5674

MODERATELY PRICED

THE ACROPOLE — You don't get a menu at this highly popular restaurant. Instead, you tour the kitchen and choose from the pots that contain authentic Greek dishes, such as moussaka, baked eggplant, spiced meatballs, or stewed lamb. With a little discipline, you can keep the tab at $15 for two. No credit cards. Licensed for beer and wine. Daily 12 noon to 10:30 pm. 18 Dundas St. West. 364-4542

ANTHONY'S VILLA — You'll find a young and lively clientele at the red-checkered tables here. The menu offers twelve complete dinners for $7 and under, ranging from standard pasta to sirloin steak. Two can dine with wine and dessert for about $20. Dinner daily from 5:30 pm to 11 pm. Friday and Saturday to 1 pm. 146 Dupont St. 924-1886

BENES INN TAVERN — Marvellous strudel is the calling card at this Czechoslovakian restaurant. But try the schnitzel, goulash or palacsinta (crepes) too. The trip will set you back about $25 for two with drinks. Dinner Tuesday to Friday from 5 pm to midnight. Saturday 12 noon to midnight, Sunday from

12 noon to 9 pm. Closed Monday. 392 Eglinton Ave. West 481-1853

THE CHEF'S TABLE — Here's one good solution to what used to be called the suburban restaurant wasteland. You can order a full meal (appetizer, entree, salad, dessert and coffee) for as little as $7, in a simply decorated pleasant atmosphere. If you order a la carte, expect to pay more. Licensed for beer and wine. Daily to 10:30 pm. Closed Monday. 638 Sheppard Ave. West (north of #401, west of Bathurst) 636-9722

DOOLEY'S — A noisy, down to earth Irish-style pub and restaurant that could run you close to $30 for dinner. But if you have a soft spot for four leaf clovers, green tablecloths, pork hocks, and Irish stew, it's worth it. Dinner daily 5 pm to 12:30 am. Closed Sundays. Just a few steps from the subway at 23 Bloor St. E. 922-2626

THE HAYLOFT SIRLOIN PIT — Salad bar, steak items, and young waiters amidst a barn board decor. One warning: don't tell the waiters it's your birthday unless you're ready for a rousing off-key rendition of "Happy Birthday" that seems to last forever. Sunday through Tuesday 5 pm to 10 pm. Wednesday, Thursday 5 pm to 11:30 pm and Friday, Saturday 5 pm to midnight. 37 Front St. East, 364-1974

KEG N'CLEAVER — It may sound like a joint for beer'n'burgers, but this Klondike style restaurant is basically a steak house with some seafood diversions. Have fun at the make-your-own, all-you-can-eat salad bar. Open 'til 11 pm Monday through Thursday, to midnight Friday and Saturday, from 4:30 pm to 9:30 pm Sunday. 2300 Yonge Street (in the Yonge-Eglinton Centre) 482-0304

OLD FISH MARKET — There are usually lineups at this converted fish market, and with good reason. Fish fresh daily, and chowder is only 79¢. And even with house wine, two can eat well for less than $20 in an open, happy atmosphere. Dinner Monday to Wednesday 5:30 to 11 pm. Thursday to Saturday 5:30 to midnight. Sunday 5 pm to 10 pm. 12 Market St. 363-2521

ORIENTAL DISHES TAVERN — Exactly what is sounds like! Dishes that are difficult to pronounce, but easy to digest if you have a taste for the exotic. Choose carefully, and designate your spice preference. Lamb is a solid choice here. About $15 for two with drinks. Dinner Monday to Thursday 12 noon to midnight. Friday and Saturday to 1 am. Sunday to 10 pm. 1234-1/2 Yonge St. 922-1004

RUMPELMEYER'S — A quaint little bistro with informal surroundings and moderate prices. The menu offers all sorts of variations on trout, and beef dishes complete with truffles and mushrooms for $6.50. Wine pushes the tab to about $20 per couple. Dinner Monday to Thursday 5 pm to midnight. Friday and Saturday from 5 pm to 1 am. Closed Sunday. 1280 Bay St. 964-9055

SQUIRE OF DON MILLS — This suburban steak house is decked out like a ranch, with wrought iron dividers to section off areas. Food is reasonably priced and tasty, but selection is limited. Dinner for two with drinks could go as high at $25. Monday through Saturday from 11 am to 1 am. Sunday from 4 pm to 10 pm. 1222 Lawrence Ave. E. 445-3554

THE WOODENPLATE — The mood is definitely Hungarian, but the decor runs to posh rather than folksy. The menu is small, and most people go for the Transylvanian Wooden Platter. You get an abundant mixture of pork chops, sausage, wiener schnitzel, chicken livers, bacon, potatoes, mushrooms and salad

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PRESENTS

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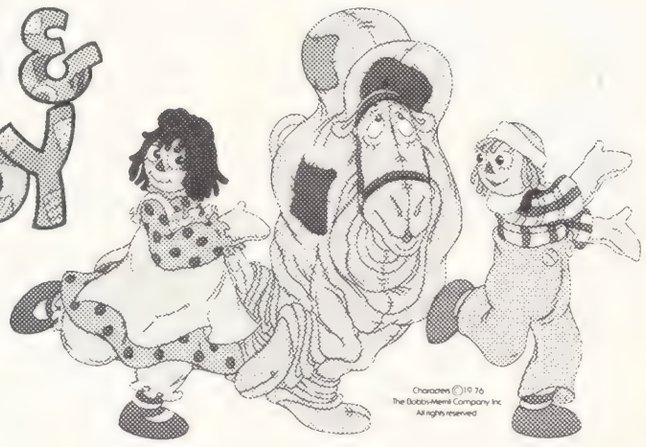
A MUSICAL ADVENTURE



Screenplay by PATRICIA THACKRAY and MAX WILK
Based on the Original Stories & Characters Created by JOHNNY GRUELLE Music and Lyrics by JOE RAPOSO
Produced by LESTER OSTERMAN PRODUCTIONS Producer RICHARD HORNER
Production Supervised and Directed by RICHARD WILLIAMS
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FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, 9:00 A.M.—1:00 A.M.

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at $8.50 per person. If you can handle dessert after that, go for the house specialty . . . crepes with chocolate sauce. About $30 with wine. Dinner daily 5 pm to 1 am, Sunday noon to 10 pm. 200 Bloor St. W. 923-6599

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD — This soul food restaurant became even more popular when the owner acquired a liquor license, so reservations are advised for the dinner hour. The unique menu offers collard greens, ham hocks, and what many think is the best fried chicken in town. With drinks, the tab will be about $20. Daily from 11 am to 1 am. Sunday from 10 am to 10 pm. 225 King St. E. 869-1400

CAFE SOCIETY

CAFE DE LA PAIX — A great little spot for fine coffees and fresh pastries. The glass decor promotes people watching both inside and below on Bloor Street. Monday through Thursday and Sunday 12 noon to midnight. Friday and Saturday 3 pm to 1 am. 131 Bloor St. W (Upper Colonnade) 962-3991

CAFE MONTMARTRE — This new nightspot is an oasis in a virtual after-hours wasteland. Open 9 pm til 5 am for snacks and continental coffee. Entertainers are invited to bring instruments and use the club sound system. The shy folk can play at checkers, chess or backgammon. 158 Avenue Road. 921-5100

THE COFFEE MILL — People watching and light cuisine are the attractions at both locations. Try an open-faced sandwich with one of the great coffee varieties. Monday to Thursday 10:30 am to midnight. Friday and Saturday 10:30 am to 1 am. Sunday 3 pm to midnight. 96 Bloor St. West (Lothian Mews) 923-7800. 99 Yorkville (Cumberland Court — same hours as Bloor location except Sunday 6 pm to midnight) 920-2108

COURTYARD CAFE — A gathering place for the famous, near-famous and want-to-be-famous crowd. Dining is elegant and very expensive. Pastries and coffee are reasonable and delectable. Dinner Monday to Saturday 5 to 12:30 am. Sunday 5 pm to 10 pm. 22 St. Thomas St. (The Windsor Arms Hotel) 979-2212-3

HAZELTON CAFE — A new and strong front-runner in the cafe sweepstakes. The drinks are amazing, with concoctions such as the "Broken Leg" (raisins and spices floating in a mixture of scotch and steaming apple juice), for $1.90. Or try one of nine different hamburgers, followed by a frozen yogurt dessert. Reasonable prices, exciting atmosphere. Daily from 9:30 am to 1 am, closed Sunday. 55 Avenue Rd. (in Hazelton Lanes) 923-3001

LE CASSE-CROUTE — It's not the best place for people watching, but it is a very comfortable spot with beautiful greenery and crisp white wicker chairs. Casse-Croute means "little snack", and you can choose from light desserts, continental coffees, crepes, or glamorous salads. Licensed. Monday to Saturday 11:30 am to 1 am. Sunday 12 noon to midnight. 2 Bloor St. W. (Cumberland Terrace) 921-6409

THE COW CAFE — This is a true cafe, with emphasis on the more than three dozen beverages available. If you must eat, choose from a vegetarian entree, soup, or salad. No smoking. No credit cards. Daily noon to 3 pm and 5 to 10 pm. 406 Dupont St. 961-8341

THE VILLAGE GARDEN CAFE — The name is derived from the decor . . . basket upon basket of hanging ferns. Salads are the specialty here, but the blintzes, desserts and coffees make it a prime spot for late-night nibbling. Daily to midnight, Thursday through Saturday til 3 am. Cash only. Not licensed. 140 Yorkville Ave. 921-5705

BUDGET DINING

AMBER — A tiny place just around the corner from the Jane subway with fantastic Ukrainian home cooking. Stick to the specialties — cheese perogi or spicy cabbage rolls with sour cream. About $10 for two. Daily 10 am to 9 pm Friday and Saturday 10 am to 10 pm. No cards, not licensed. 2372 Bloor St. W. 763-6164 ·

BEGGAR'S BANQUET — It's cozy and attractive, with a menu that changes every week. Patrons go to sample culinary delights from all over the world at affordable prices. About $10 for two. Unlicensed. No Tuesday dinner. Sunday brunch. Live music on weekends. 325 Queen St. W. (near Beverley) 366-4147

BLUE CELLAR ROOM — This is a secondary spot inside L'Europe restaurant. It offers good Hungarian food that's filling and cheap. The student crowd likes it, because they can eat and swig a few beers for about $5 each. Daily 11:30 am to 1 am. Sunday 11:30 am to 10 pm. 469 Bloor St. W. 921-6269

BUMPKIN'S — If you can face the line-ups, you'll get a rare treat . . . a superb meal for two at $10-$15. That price includes appetizers, such as escargot, and entrees ranging from king crab thru' lamb to pasta. You must sacrifice intimacy and sit among strangers at a table for six. Why not make a few new friends while you're there? Daily 5:30 pm to 11 pm. Closed Sunday. 557 Parliament St. 922-8655

CREPES — There are four cinemas nearby, so this crepe house is a natural for movie buffs. Two can gorge on tasty crepes with imaginative fillings for about $8. Licensed for beer and wine. Daily 10 am to 1 am. Sunday 10 am to 10 pm. 1650 Yonge St. 482-5698

JOE CHIN WEST INDIAN RESTAURANT — You can get standard Chinese food here, but the focus is on the Jamaican aspects, complete with reggae music from the jukebox. Try the unusual . . . curried goat, red pea soup, or cow foot. About $8 for two, and they want it in cash. Unlicensed. Daily 11 am to midnight. 1085 Bathurst St. 534-3788

KORONA — Homey service makes the Korona a happy, casual luncheonette style eatery. Food is hearty, cheap and in some cases (chicken paprikash) excellent. No license, no charge cards. Open seven days a week to 10 p m. 493 Bloor St. W. 961-1824

MERTON SEAFOOD RESTAURANT — Even with beer or a bit of wine, you can eat well here for about $10 per couple. The atmosphere and decor are more akin to a pub than a dining room. Place your order for chowder, mussels, oysters or old fashioned fish and chips, then sit back and enjoy. Daily to 10 p m. Cash only. 64 Merton St. (south of Davisville) 487-1197

MOONGLOW — An elegant Chinese food restaurant with inexpensive set dinners at $8 for two. Ordering à la carte will jack up the price. Open noon to 1 a m. Mon. thru' Thurs., from noon to 2 a m. Fri. and Sat. Fully licensed. 3330 Yonge St. (at Fairlawn) 481-2285

OLD SPAGHETTI FACTORY — One of the better places to eat pasta because it's so much fun. It's noisy, crowded, and inexpensive. You get dinner, bread, salad, coffee and dessert for about $3 per person. Daily 12 noon to midnight, Fri. and Sat. to 12:30 p m., Sun. to 10 p m. Licensed. 54 The Esplanade (behind the St. Lawrence Centre) 864-9761

THE FLYING FOOD CIRCUS — Second City's Andrew Alexander has come up with yet another way to entertain Torontonians. It's a hamburger palace with funky decor and scrawled menus that give a hint of chintz. But the burgers are first class. Wine is cheap, and you can't help but be cheerful here. Daily 12 noon to 1 p m. Closed Sun. 30 Cumberland St. 964-7186

THE GOULASH POT — A lot of movie-goers drop into this Bloor-Yonge spot for a little sustenance and conversation. And why not? The food is good and inexpensive, ranging from $3 schnitzel dishes to 70¢ palacsinta that melts in your mouth. Daily 11:30 a m. to 10:30 p m. Closed Sun. 727 Yonge St. 920-1705

THE ORGAN GRINDER — A pizza parlour modelled after the Old Spaghetti Factory . . . cheap, cheerful and noisy. This one gets its name from the huge working Wurlitzer pipe organ. Two can eat, drink, and walk away quite sated for about $8. Daily 12 noon to midnight, Fri. and Sat. to 1 a m. Sun. to 10 p m. 58 The Esplanade. 368-1726

SANGA — One of the few spots in Toronto that offers an extensive selection of Mexican cuisine. The combination plate at $3.75 is a good bet — you'll get a taste of tostadas, tacos, burritos, tamales, and enchiladas. About $10 for two. Daily 12 noon to 1 a.m. Sun. to 10 p.m. Licensed. Major cards. 431 College St. 368-5090

SPICE OF LIFE — A vegetarian cooperative restaurant that does not allow smoking. The menu is an overwhelming five pages that runs the gamut from omlettes to enchiladas to falafels. Soups and salads are always good. Finish with a cool yogurt drink or herbal tea and the tab will be $10-$15 per couple. Unlicensed. 830 Yonge St. 961-5207

THE DANUBE — The pleasant atmosphere here boils down to mid-European ambience. But the best feature is the late supper menu with tasty items priced from $1.50 to $2.95. Daily 4 p.m. to midnight. Fri. and Sat. to 1 a.m. Dancing Friday and Saturday to live entertainment 8 p m. to 1 a m. Fully licensed. 3363 Yonge St. (at Fairlawn) 483-1601

TOBY'S GOODEATS — A true hamburger haven that's fast becoming a gathering place for the Bloor St. elite. The decor is a mixture of 50's kitsch and 70's chic. But patrons go for the food . . . more than a dozen varieties of juicy thick burgers, each with chunky fries on the side. There's a terrific eggs Benedict brunch on Sundays from noon 'til 3 p.m. Cash only. Daily to 3 a m. Sun. to 1 a m. 91 Bloor St. W. 925-2171

STANDING-BY

FRAN'S — Well, what can we say about Fran's and Mrs. Deck's dressing after all this time? Four locations. 332 Yonge St. 597-0555 open daily to 2 p m. Others open 24 hours. 22 St. Clair W. 925-6336. 2275 Yonge St. (at Eglinton) 481-1112. 20 College St. 923-9867

MCDONALD'S — You get what you pay for. These outlets are cheap fast, and open 'til midnight (some to 1 a.m.) 1890 Avenue Rd. (at Lawrence), 850 Yonge St. (at Bloor), 1535 Yonge St. (at St. Clair) 2870 Eglinton Ave. E. (at McCowan), 2701 Lawrence Ave. E. (at Midland). For details, try the friendly head office at 486-9933

READERS' DISCOVERY

In every issue, NIGHT LIGHTS will carry a detailed restaurant review about an establishment 'discovered' by our readers.

VICTORIA STATION This new spot in town is a classic example of businessmen knowing what to do when they've got a good thing going. There are fifty-three similar restaurants scattered all over the United States, and one of the most popular links in the chain is the Station restaurant that graces the Universal movie lot. The chain moved north to Canada in 1974, when Charing Cross Station (Canada) Limited opened an establishment to brisk business in Vancouver.

It didn't take long for the idea to shift on eastward, and the result is a delightful eatery with quaint charm in the Toronto Harbour district.

Victoria Station takes its name and atmosphere from British railroad memorabilia. The centre point is a huge lounge area resembling an early railway station, and from there, you can wander into any one of a number of older railway cars that are hitched to the main depot.

In true British tradition, the menu focal point is beef, in fact, a sign proclaims this restaurant as a "Purveyor of Prime Rib and Spirits". Your dinner choice can cost as little as $5.95 for barbequed beef ribs, but hungrier types might choose an $11 entree that offers 28 oz. of prime rib beef. With every dinner choice, salad from the Baggage Car Bar is included. If you want some trimmings, try the sautéed mushrooms, or baked potato, each at a slight extra charge.

Since the idea behind this chain originated in the United States, the house wine is from California. But if you're not yet a believer in California vineyards, you can go for a pale European wine to complement your dinner.

The prices at **Victoria Station** are so modest you know you're paying only for the food, and that the decor is an extra sight-seeing bonus that comes with the journey. 190 Queen's Quay East (at Sherbourne St.) 366-4985

Readers are invited to 'discover' restaurants about town for review in this column. Tell us why you like a certain place (for the great food, good prices, friendly service or whatever) and you may win a dinner for two at your favourite spot worth up to $35.00. Winners will be notified by mail. Send your suggestions to: Reader's Discovery, MARQUEE, Box 1052, Postal Station A, Toronto, M5W 1G5. Be sure to include your name, and return address.

CHATEAU D'ORSI

Before the theatre
Dine on our
Early Bird Special

Soup
Salad
Filet Mignon Bercy
2 vegetables,
plus Potatoe
Dessert
Tea or Coffee

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Love You, Marilyn

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S Sporty deck moccasin slip-on for men and women has rawhide laces and elastic gore for perfect fit. A great barefoot shoe made of soft Canadian leathers. Now with a brand new sole that makes the comfort of Roots one of the nicest feelings on two feet.
Roots. Sold only at Roots shops.

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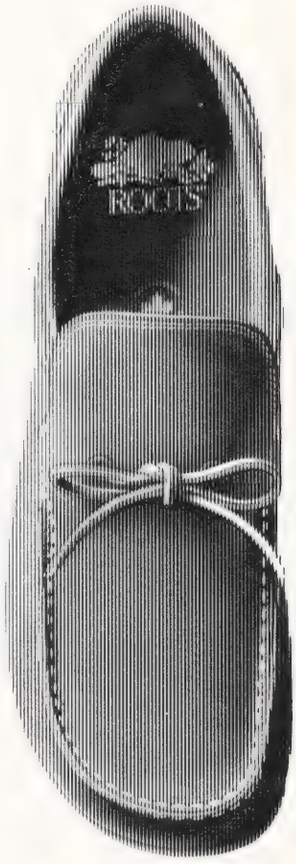


Roots
ROOTS NATURAL FOOTWEAR

Hazelton Lanes
Royal Bank Plaza
1052 Yonge Street

THIRST QUENCHING

FIRST CHOICE

CHEZ MOI TAVERN

The people at Chez Moi are almost more of an institution than the bar itself. There's usually some wild guy who bangs away on a striped piano singing old bar songs with re-written lyrics (his). Instead of "I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts, roll a boll a penny a pitch", he sings, "roll a boll you S.O.B.". It actually sounds better.

But that's just part of the charm at the Chez Moi. For some reason, everyone in there acts like long-lost relatives who just love to have you sit at their table and split a jug of draft. There are tables farther away from the piano where you can sit quietly, but it's hard not to get caught up in the enthusiasm. It's got to be Toronto's friendliest bar, and the prices will never break you.

One word of caution . . . be prepared to lower your inhibitions, because no false pretenses are allowed here. And the same rule applies at Koronowski's downstairs. Both are just a hop, skip and a jump from the Yonge-Bloor intersection. All you have to do is get out of the pedestrian pack and walk east on Hayden to #30. There's ample parking in the area. 921-5566

ATTILA'S CAVE — A favourite spot along the airport strip for cruising and hustling (both kinds). In the Airport Hilton, 5875 Airport Road. 677-9900

BACKSTAGE LOUNGE — The walls here are plastered with show-biz memorabilia. Large dance floor is usually crowded as loud rock bands do their thing. 1926 Lake Shore Blvd. W. 766-4392

CHIMNEY — Specializes in so-called underground entertainment, such as Kenny Marco and Northern Comfort, and those graffiti guys, MacLean and MacLean. You can chat between sets. 579 Yonge St. 967-4666

COCKNEY PRIDE — The name speaks for itself. Boisterous. In the Howard Johnson's at Dixon Rd. and Hwy. 27. 677-6100

EL MOCAMBO — A great place to go because the management doesn't care how you dress. A favourite with beer-swigging students. Entertainment swings from folkies to rockers, and is usually good. 464 Spadina Ave. 961-2558

FOUNDRY — Another cruising spot. Acts vary in quality and velocity. In another Howard Johnson's, this time at Markham Rd. and Hwy. 401. 439-6200

GASWORKS — Beer and very loud rock music are the staples here. There's no dance floor, and watch out for line-ups on weekends. 585 Yonge St. 922-9367

GENERATOR — A place that used to showcase flashy rock for flashy crowds that recently succumbed to the disco beat. 2180 Yonge St., 486-8950

HORSESHOE — It's a large, noisy club with a slightly rough country format that verges on rock when artists like Ian Tyson move in. 368 Queen St. W. 368-0838

JARVIS HOUSE — A little bit of funk in what's essentially a good place to go for a beer. 101 Jarvis St. 368-2034

KEG ROOM — Show and rock bands interchange at this suburban club. It's another place that's better for cruising than making conversation. In the Cambridge Motor Hotel, 600 Dixon Rd., 249-7671

KNOB HILL — It's a raunchy tavern, and the customers wouldn't have it any other way. Blue jeans and beer are the key features alongside some of the best rock bands in town. 2787 Eglinton Ave. E., 267-4648

LARRY'S HIDEAWAY — Larry's is one club that refuses to go suburban in style. Jeans and loud music prevail, and when the band takes a break, you can check out the TV over the bar. 121 Carlton St., 924-5791

MAD MECHANIC — This one used to be an underground parking lot, and bits of old cars strewn about the room maintain that image. Rock bands. At the Sherway Inn, 5487 Dundas St. W., 231-9241

MIDWICH CUCKOO — A dark, comfortable haunt frequented by the nearby Ryerson beer crowd. Music is sometimes folksy, often rocky. 240 Jarvis St., 363-9088

MINGLES — If you've heard the radio ads, you might think it's a disco. But the music is live from rock bands that tend to be showy. The clientele tends to be showy too. At the Hotel Plaza II, 90 Bloor St. E., 961-8000

PICCADILLY TUBE — Young crowds and young rock bands vie with each other here to see who can make the most noise. The crowd also seems to make time rather than conversation. 316 Yonge St. 364-3106

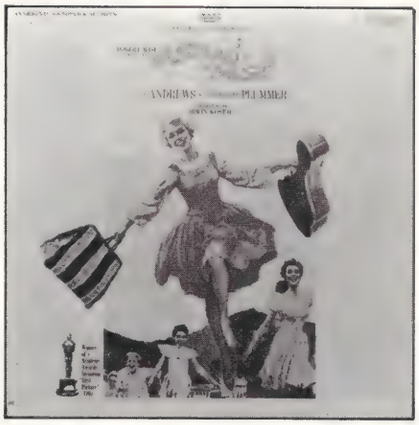
QUEENSBURY ARMS — It sounds like a touch of old Britain, wot? Actually, rock music and disco sounds from provincial bands are the attractions here. Large dance floor. 1212 Weston Rd., 762-8695

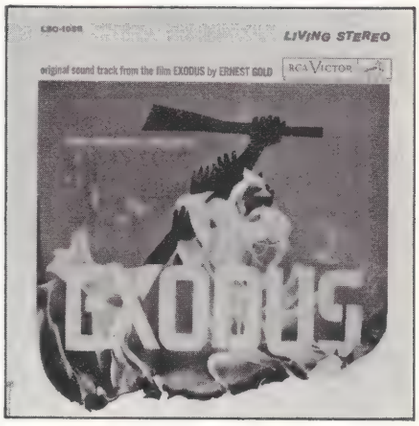
SCOTCH ROOM — This spot is actually a cross between a showcase for Vegas-type lounge acts, and a feature room for rock bands. Lots of action. At the Inn on the Park, Leslie at Eglinton Ave. E. 444-2561

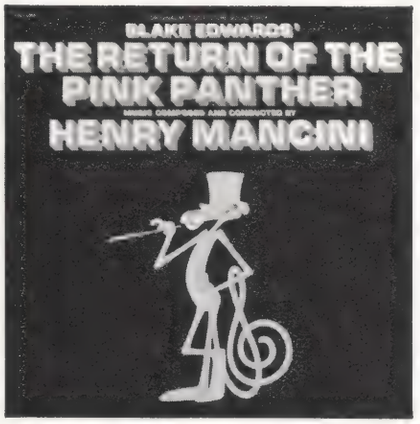
ZODIAC I — It started as a supper club, with comfortable lounges and an illuminated dance floor. After a switch to rock acts, the managers decided to go for showbands and club performers. It's a little more subdued than most suburban spots. At the Ramada Inn, 185 Yorkland Blvd., 493-9000

RCA

FOR THE BEST SOUND...







...IN SOUNDTRACKS

THE QUIET SIDE

ASCOT INN — A spot for soft sounds in the west end where conversation is sparked by pleasant surroundings. Hwy. 27 in Rexdale. 677-3101

BANYAN TERRACE — Easy-listening dance music in a relaxed atmosphere that includes a banyan tree. Constellation Hotel, 900 Dixon Rd., 677-1500

BARBARY COAST — It's a rather opulent club where show bands entertain but never interfere. Harbour Castle Hotel, One Harbour Square, 869-1600

CAMBRIDGE ROOM — Dancing, drinking and (expensive) dining to showy acts that tend to go for the softer sounds. Cambridge Motor Hotel. 600 Dixon Rd., 249-7671

CANARY COTTAGE — This place is set up like a speakeasy, and has a tendency to vary the entertainment policy to include rockers as well as showbands. Hotel Triumph, 2737 Keele St., 633-2000

CARTIER LOUNGE — A quiet spot for a drink with a little mood music. Hotel Triumph, 2737 Keele St., 633-2000

COLONIAL — Policy here shifts from disco-oriented bands to jazzed-up sounds. A favourite downtown stand-by. 201 Yonge St., 363-6168

DICK TURPIN PUB — Not a true pub by British standards, but the patrons here don't seem to mind. It's noisy and fun. Royal York Hotel, 100 Front St. W., 368-2511

DR. LIVINGSTON'S — Just as you might presume, this spot features African decor and reggae music. The Bristol Place Hotel, 950 Dixon Rd., 677-9444

ROWLAND EMMETT LOUNGE — It was named after the slightly eccentric but delightful inventor, Rowland Emmett. And the decor does him justice. Park Plaza, 4 Avenue Rd., 924-5471

LOVER'S LOUNGE — Female vocalists and keyboard players seem to dominate the entertainment at this spot designed for intimacy. Gregory Tavern. 17 Adelaide St. W., 368-1683

MALLONEY'S — A pleasant club where regulars gather for quiet drinks while lounge acts entertain. 85 Grenville St. 922-4106

NAG'S HEAD — Two of the better spots in town for sing-a-long types who like to throw back a few beers. 74 York St., 368-6874, 7 King W., 366-1194

PERROQUET — A posh room with easy-listening music that's conducive to conversation. And if your intimate friends don't respond to you, try talking to the parrot on the premises. Bristol Place Hotel, 950 Dixon Rd., 677-9444

RED LANTERN — Crooners entertain here, and it seldom gets boisterous. 228 Merton St., 483-9444

STOP 33 — Romance and luxury here while you scan the city from the 33rd floor of the Sutton Place Hotel. Quiet trios and quartets provide the sounds. 955 Bay St., 924-9221

JAZZ

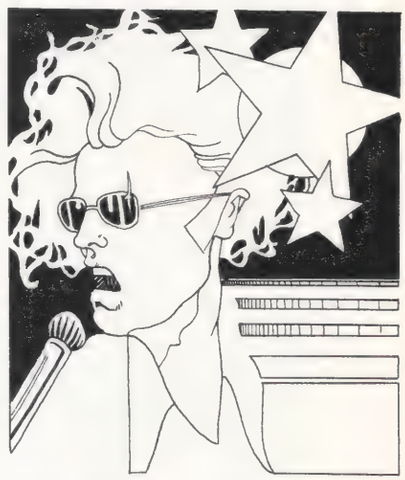
ALBERT'S HALL — This stage used to showcase prizefighters, but now some of the top Dixieland talent in town has taken over. Brunswick House, 481 Bloor St. W., 924-3994

BASIN STREET — A wonderful and intimate place to grab a bite and listen to some top local jazzmen. Upstairs at Bourbon Street. 180 Queen St. W., 864-1070

D.J.'S — Climax Jazz Band seems to fit in perfectly at this large club with its stand-up bar. International jazz soloists have a tendency to drop by. 700 University Ave., 595-0700

GEORGE'S SPAGETTI HOUSE — Flutist Moe Koffman seems to favour this spot, both for the food, and the music. 290 Dundas St. E., 923-9887

DISCO BEAT



BELLOWS — An after-hours club with carpeted stairs, snack bar, loud music, lots of dancing. Fri. and Sat. from 11 p.m. to 5 a.m. Sun. from 9 p.m. Cover. 9 St. Joseph St. 929-3712

BLONDIE'S BISTRO DISCOTHEQUE — Recreates the sights and sounds of New York for drinking, dancing, and dining. Open from noon. $5 cover on Fri. and Sat. 1954 Yonge St. 482-0055

BRANDY'S — Tiffany lamps set the mood in this '30's decor disco which offers drinks and sandwiches. Crowd seems to be the over-25 set. Daily noon 'til 1 a.m. 58 The Esplanade. 366-0780

CHATEAU MADRID — Two clubs, two DJ's. No cover in either. Food 'til 10 p.m., drinks 'til 1 a.m. Music starts at 7 p.m. 49 Eglinton Ave. 489-1817

COUNTRY STEAK HOUSE — A casual downstairs disco, dining upstairs. The records roll from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. No. cover. 2384 Eglinton Ave. E. (at Kennedy). 759.7962

DAVID'S — Soft drinks and snacks for the late night crowd. Go-go dancers, light show, mirrored ceiling and carpeted walls. Liquor license pending. Cover. 16 Phipps St. (near Sutton Place Thurs. to Sun. from 10 p.m. to 6 a.m. 961-5422

KOUTOUBIA — Disco records have replaced live entertainment in this Asian-decor club. No food. Liquor 7 p.m. to 1 a.m. Weekend cover. 808 Mt. Pleasant Rd. (Roehampton Place Hotel). 487-5101

LE GARAGE — The DJ spins disco from 5 p.m. to 1 a.m. Liquor, but no food after 8 p.m. Cover Fri. and Sat. No jeans. At the Peppermill Tavern, 50 Cumberland Ave. 925-6277

MACEDON DISCO — Cover charge for men, but women go in free here. Disco music from 8 p.m. to 3 a.m. Sandwiches, soft drinks, no liquor. 351 Danforth Ave. 461-3479

MAXWELL'S PLUM — Disco dance floor separates lounge and dining room. Recently dropped dress regulations, but they insist you at least look neat. Liquor served to 1 a.m. 138 Cumberland Ave. 920-7705

MO MO'S — Twin disco with cover charge, no liquor. But, you can get a re-entry pass if you wish to go out to a neighbouring bar for a drink. Sensurround sound. 782 Yonge St. 964-1414

MRS. NIGHT — A large and friendly after-hours spot with quadrophonic sound and light show. Thurs. and Sun. from 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. Fri. and Sat. from 11 p.m. to 7 a.m. Cover, no liquor. 1 Isabella St. 961-5012

PARBOO'S — An after-hours disco with continental flair, where you can try your hand at backgammon and feed on European snacks. 'Til 2 a.m. Thurs., to 4 a.m. Fri. and Sat. 406 Bloor St. E. 967-5244

STEPS — A newly renovated sophisto-disco for the "in crowd". cover charge. 9 St. Nicholas St. 922-9335

THE FLOATING WORLD DISCOTHEQUE — A bar-type disco for the younger set. Light show. Famous female DJ Lillian starts spinning the records Mon. thru' Wed. 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Thurs. to Sat. 7 p.m. to 1 a.m. At the Holiday Inn, 89 Chestnut St. 367-0707

THE SANCTUARY — This sophisticated after-hours club opened to great fanfare in September. Acrylic dance floor has copper underlay to set off lighting effects. Recorded music. Cover. 83 St. Nicholas St. 921-6350

SOUNDTRACKS

BOUND FOR GLORY

A general rule: movie soundtracks are souvenirs.

Functionally, they are not much different from programs at pop concerts — they serve as 'permanent' records of fragile experiences. They stimulate memories.

Rarely do they have any artistic wholeness of their own. Except in the case of some movie musicals, a soundtrack album is a composer's psychological coloring book. The lines are already drawn — his responsibility is to shade them as effectively as he can.

And fashion now equates effectivenss with subtlety. No longer do we have movies like **Gone With The Wind**, with its hours (literally) of lush symphonic scoring. Today's movies call for strange hybrids of natural (on-camera) music, wild sound (e.g. music on the radio), atmospheric sound effects, and mood-enhancing-drug music.

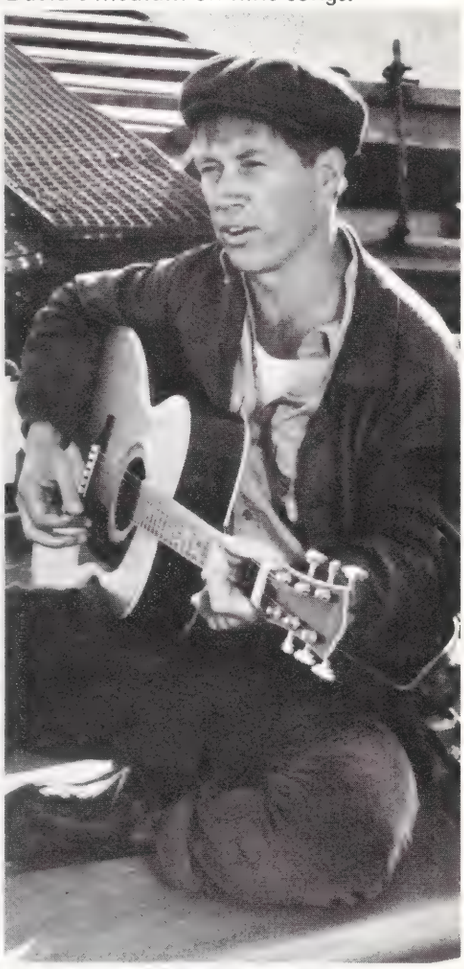
Only in the opening titles and in what is normally a reprise during the closing credits can the composer count on a chance to make any kind of statement. The rest of the time his work on album is like that of a half-back on an isolation camera — significant, but meaningless out of context.

The soundtrack of **Bound For Glory** is a superior example of a modern hybrid.

It is superior partly because its subject is musical: the folksinger Woody Guthrie.

Guthrie wasn't a great tunesmith. Nor are his lyrics anything exceptional in themselves. What both the melodies an the words have in common, though, are powerful associations. They use simple musical and verbal grammar to evoke common emotions. They make simple, accessible statements.

On the album, Woody Guthrie is represented by David Carradine. If he isn't a great singer, he still has a prettier sound than Woody had. What they share is unpretentious voices just this side of common denominator. They don't call attention to technique; they are instruments of communication. The album catches Woody's message through David's medium on nine songs.



Those songs are the meat of the movie's music. The spices come from film veteran Leonard Rosenman. He's done some orchestral adaptations, some original themes, some arrangements with unobtrusive slickness, some psychological coloring.

And he has linked them together in loose suites that have a much nicer flow than would be required by mere plot-accompaniment, partly because Rosenman often weaves the rustic sound of the harmonica into his orchestrations.

The combination of songs an scoring makes for an unusually generous album in this undernourished field: more than 40 minutes of listenable music.

As well, there are some good color pictures inside, and several pages of thoughtful reminiscing from Woody's old friend, actor Will Geer.

So when you get right down to it, the album still makes a fine souvenir.

ROCKY

The **Rocky** soundtrack is a more conventional clutter of styles.

There's fat, brassy r&b. There's spaghetti western melodies dished out by sawing strings, thundering timpani, pealing bells and joyful chorale. There is mellow syncopation in repetitive loops. There is a marching band bristling with fanfares. There is a halting piano joined and that becomes coated with strings out of the Michel LeGrand candy kitchen.

And that's all on side one. Side two has more fanfares, but there is also a beautiful duet version of the movie's oft-copied love theme, some nice ersatz chamber music, some . . . you get the idea.

What makes the idea work is its brazen appeal to a variety of sympathies. Like no album I can think of since **Midnight Cowboy**, this one makes people really anxious to see the film. They know they are being manipulated, but the hooks are like claws; the surges of emotion the film will deliver are right there in the grooves.

The variety does not permit one stylistic gimmick to get beaten to death. None of the elements are immortal, but they suit the bright, broad strokes of

the storyline.

Another asset: the tracks are usually complete foreground versions of the movie's backgrounded excerpts.

It too will bring back memories, but the feelings it triggers work just as well out of context.

Now, if only there were a recoring of the stunning score for Robert Altman's **Images**!

ERICH WOLFGANG KORNGOLD

Erich Wolfgang Korngold went to Hollywood in 1934 at the age of 37, with a spectacular musical career of 27 years already behind him. (he was only 13 when his first major work was performed at the Vienna Opera).

Warner Bros. offered him a long-term contract to compose original scores. He declined, however, preferring the freedom of a picture-to-picture agreement, which enabled him to choose those films he felt suited him best. This relationship with Warner Bros. lasted 13 years, during which he composed original music for 17 major films and won two Academy Awards.

Captain Blood (1935) was Korngold's first original score. Warners had such a tight schedule that Korngold had only three weeks to write the music, the shortest time he was ever given for scoring a film.

The title theme for *Kings Row* is probably his best-known melody but he won his first Academy Award for *Anthony Adverse,* a large-scale 1936 film based on Henry Allen's best-selling novel.

Conversations on movie music eventually comes around to the Warner Bros. film of the '30's and '40's which is where it really all started.

Warner Bros. was a remarkable studio at that time. Everything was geared to a unified end, drama and emotion were beautifully acted and photographed, and musical scores not only complemented but enriched the picture.

Korngold was a very important element to the Warner philosophy until his retirement in 1954.

Now RCA has compiled Korngold's best on two separate recordings **Elizabeth and Essex** (RCA ARL1-0185) and **The Sea Hawk** (RCA LSC-3330), performed by the National Philharmonic Orchestra of London, under the direction of Charles Gerhardt. Their musical insight, understanding and devotion to Korngold's music will be felt by the listener.

These albums are imported, and not always easy to find. Your friendly record dealer, or even the public relations department of RCA (449-9500) ought to be able to help you track them down.

BIKE-A-THON V Sunday, April 17th,

Reg Bovaird, Chairman of the 1977 Variety Club Bikeathon has confirmed the date for this year's Bikeathon —Sunday, April 17th.

The Variety Club of Ontario, Tent 28 has successfully staged a Bikeathon in the greater metro Toronto area since 1973. Last year, almost $300,000 was raised for various local handicapped children's projects.

Entry forms will soon be available at outlets throughout the greater metro area. There will be 7 courses again this year stretching from Scarborough thru the city to Etobicoke and Mississauga as well as from the Toronto City Hall up thru North York to Richmond Hill. Each course is 20 miles long (that's 32 kilometres if you think metric).

True to their show business tradition, The Variety Club has once again engaged the cooperation of an endless list of celebrities "to ride for a kid who can't".

Why not circle your calendar on April 17th and if it's not too late for a New Year's resolution, how about resolving to ride in Bikeathon V and do your thing for the handicapped kids in this area.

Photo—Variety Club of Ontario Chief Barker, Bob Lester with two Variety Village students, Bob Taylor of Oshawa and Janice Lekavy of Chatham.

Recipients of Variety Club support in 1976

- Variety Village
- Research, development and production centre for electronic limbs
- Hospital for Sick Children
- The Variety Club cardiac catheterization and baby crib death syndrome research
- Mt. Sinai Hospital ultra sound wave diagnostic equipment . . . to be shared with the Hospital for Sick Children
- Bloorview Hospital Dental Clinic
- St. Joseph's Hospital Research Foundation
- Ontario Society for Crippled Children
- Native Indian Children's Centre
- and the list goes on . . .

BOOK SCENE

THE MAKING OF KING KONG

Orville Goloner and George E. Turner
Ballantine $3.95

What an extraordinary price. This is an 8-1/2 by 11 paperback book almost 300 pages long, jammed with illustrations of artwork, special effects, and set ups, as well as authentic frames from the original 1933 film of **King Kong.** If you were going to pick the "biggest movies" in cinema history, they would have to be **Gone With The Wind, The Sound of Music, The Godfather, Jaws,** and RKO's **King Kong.**

David O. Selznick knew this picture would be a smash. One of his last executive decisions at RKO was to give this film its final title . . . not just Kong, but **King Kong.** The name is now part of North American pop culture, and lately it's been cropping up in a lot of conversations.

Nineteen years after **King Kong** was released, Time magazine named it movie of the year when it was reissued. In 1952, it still grossed more than twice the box office receipts of many regular "A" pictures that year.

Kong owes his fame to Willis Harold O'Brien, a pioneer in 'stop motion movie production', or 'dimensional animation'. He was already working with the technique by 1915. Goloner and Turner's book tells this informative story with scholarly detail, and all the technical data you can swallow.

The RKO **Kong** took 55 weeks of work, and cost $650,000, which was the biggest budget ever at that time. You have to wonder what Selznick would have said about Dino De Laurentiis' new version, which cost more than $25 million! De Laurentiis didn't spare the expense because he knew he'd have to win over hard core lovers of the old **Kong.** He even spent more money on one set than the producers of yesteryear spent on the entire original **Kong.**

One other special feature of "The Making Of King Kong" is a portfolio that lists all kinds of information, like props, expenses, and technicians who worked on the project. This is an outstanding book. And at this low price, it has to be one of the best buys of the season.

WALT DISNEY (AN AMERICAN ORIGINAL)

Bob Thomas
Simon and Schuster (Musson) $11.50

No one has been able to sum up Walt Disney's life and work, and it will probably never be done. Thomas' book, however, is the official biography having the family and estate's sanction. That's why this book has an incredible amount of personal anecdotes.

It's a warm and funny view of Disney's frustrations in life. He was always in debt, even after the war when he had made millions from some of his best films, like **Snow White.** In its first release, that one made $8 million and had people standing in the theatres cheering and clapping. Despite this, his friends left Disney to make more money at other studios. For example, Ub Iwerks sold his share in the business for $2,920. If he'd held on, he would have been worth some $750 million. People hurt Disney, and distributors took advantage of him . . . but he kept going.

On his first trip to New York, Walt took his first sound cartoon, **Steamboat Mickey,** which turned out to be revolutionary. He was trying to sell it, and he thought he was on the verge of his "big chance" when the deal collapsed. In a letter to his wife Lilly, Walt said, "I have certainly learned a lot about this game . . . it is the damnedest mixed-up affair I have ever heard of."

Poor Walt. Yet he retained remarkable optimism, and that's what Bob Thomas transmits in this account. There aren't many books that come close to the comic way this man can relate tragedy. And there aren't many books that can move you to tears as you read about the way a cartoon was received. There were no awards given to Disney that could possibly outshine the shouts of joy from children and adults alike, all over the world.

TRAVEL GUIDE

Peter Benchley's **The Deep** has already had a strong impact on the ,literary world where it has held a best-seller spot for six months. In June, it will demonstrate its impact upon the motion picture industry with openings in more than 1,000 theatres throughout the United States and Canada. That, in turn, will set the stage for its impact upon the travel industry.

Bermuda and the British Virgin Islands are expecting a bononza. **The Deep** began its filming last July at Peter Island, British Virgin Islands. The island is most appropriately named, because Peter Benchly was joined by producer Peter Guber and director Peter Yates.

The Peter Island Yacht Club — with its 32 units and its extraordinary Crow's Nest Mansion — became the company headquarters. Jacqueline Bisset and Nick Nolte were the first of the film's stars to arrive. When Robert Shaw made plans for the British Virgin Islands location, he had to rent a house on Tortola, a twenty-minute ferry ride away. Shaw's nine children accompanied him to the filming, and that would have taxed the Yacht Club's facilities to the bursting point.

Next year, however, the Yacht Club will reap the benefits of the filming along with the entire tourist trade of British Virgin Islands. The charter boat capitol of the world, the British Virgin Islands is among the most sought-after sites for the beauty and thrill of scuba diving. The wreck of the HMS Rhone, which sank in 1865, is located eight miles from Peter Island. Considered to be an exceptional wreck, encrusted with a myriad of multi colored coral and living organisms, it became the set for **The Deep**. Director Yates, and his expert underwater film crew led by underwater pioneers Stan Waterman and Al Giddings, — as well as the three stars — dove to the wreck to capture its excitement on screen.

For two months, the "Rhone" it was off-limits to sport divers through the cooperation of the British Virgin Islands government. Next year, the "Rhone" will be a mecca for scuba enthusiasts, many of them newly introduced to the sport by the effect of **The Deep.** Benchley's adventure-thriller is the story of a young couple, scuba diving off Bermuda, who discover an ancient wreck, and then find it shrouded in a mystery that terrifyingly threatens their lives above and below the surface of the ocean.

British Virgin Islands hotels, dive shops, restaurants, and the airlines which serve the area, are anticipating the release of the film. They know that new travelers will want to swim the wreck that Nick Nolte, Jackie Bisset, and Robert Shaw swam. Their only regret is that the exotic, unspoiled scenery above the water will not appear on screen. All of the British Virgin Islands footage is underwater, and it gives the film a sense of realism that is unmatched. Never before has so much film been shot eighty to one hundred feet below the surface with the three stars in a dramatic story.

Bermuda will appear both above and below the surface. After the British Virgin Islands, the company moved to Bermuda for three months of interiors and exteriors throughout the island and its surrounding waters. Headquartered at the magnificent Southampton Princess Hotel, the filming of **The Deep** is considered the most significant boon to travel in the history of the island. Not since the war-time and post war summit meetings, has so much travel attention been focused on the fish-hook-shaped island. A prime travel location now, it is expected to become even bigger next year. Hotels and airlines are beginning to book tours that will 'follow **The Deep**. When audiences see the blue-green waters, the effusion of flowers, the pink sand, the winding roads dotted with white roofs, they will join the thousands who annually make Bermuda a prime visit.

People are already lining up to book vacations this season at the beautiful Southampton Princess Hotel in Bermuda. One very attractive feature is the Honeymoon Package, which costs a minimum $357.00 per person for seven nights, and includes an air-conditioned room, return transfers between airport and hotel, breakfast and dinner daily, chaise lounges for the pool or beach, green fees at the hotel golf course, and a champagne party Tuesday evening. Air Canada is your non-stop carrier to this dream vacation. The 21-Day Excursion Fare is the best financial deal. Flights leave Toronto mid-week at $201. And at $227. on weekends, and you can stay in Bermuda for a minimum of three days. Further information can be obtained from your local travel agent, of Air Canada office.

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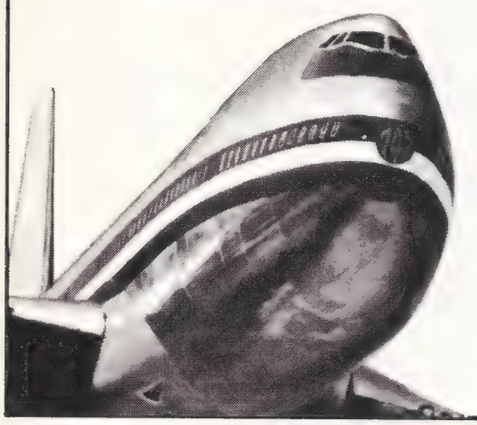


AIRPORT 1977

Starring JACK LEMMON

LEE GRANT · BRENDA VACCARO · JOSEPH COTTEN · OLIVIA DeHAVILLAND · DARREN McGAVIN · CHRISTOPHER LEE

JAMES STEWART as Phillip Stevens

Written by DAVID SPECTOR & MICHAEL SCHEFF · Directed by JERRY JAMESON · Produced by WILLIAM FRYE · Executive Producer JENNINGS LANG

Inspired by the film 'Airport' based on the novel by Arthur Hailey · A UNIVERSAL PICTURE · TECHNICOLOR® PANAVISION®

Paul Newman

in

A GEORGE ROY HILL FILM

Slap Shot

MICHAEL ONTKEAN · LINDSAY CROUSE · JENNIFER WARREN · JERRY HOUSER and STROTHER MARTIN

Written by NANCY DOWD · Edited by DEDE ALLEN · Directed by GEORGE ROY HILL

Produced by ROBERT J. WUNSCH and STEPHEN FRIEDMAN

A PAN ARTS PRESENTATION · A FRIEDMAN-WUNSCH PRODUCTION · A UNIVERSAL PICTURE · TECHNICOLOR® PANAVISION®

PAUL NEWMAN ROBERT REDFORD

ROBERT SHAW

IN A BILL/PHILLIPS PRODUCTION OF

A GEORGE ROY HILL FILM

THE STING

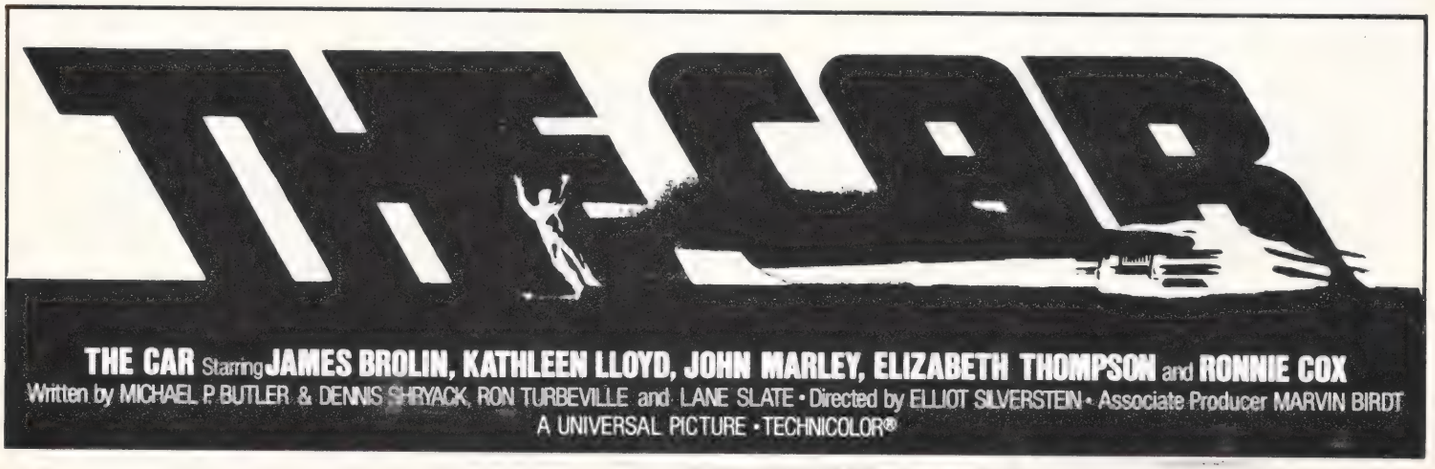
A RICHARD D. ZANUCK/DAVID BROWN PRESENTATION

Written by DAVID S. WARD

Directed by GEORGE ROY HILL

Produced by TONY BILL and MICHAEL & JULIA PHILLIPS

Music Adapted by MARVIN HAMLISCH · TECHNICOLOR ® A UNIVERSAL PICTURE



THE CAR Starring JAMES BROLIN, KATHLEEN LLOYD, JOHN MARLEY, ELIZABETH THOMPSON and RONNIE COX

Written by MICHAEL P. BUTLER & DENNIS SHRYACK, RON TURBEVILLE and LANE SLATE · Directed by ELLIOT SILVERSTEIN · Associate Producer MARVIN BIRDT

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AUDREY ROSE

by George Anthony

HOLLYWOOD – Marsha Mason stood rigidly beside John Beck, tensing on her mark like a racehorse ready to run.

"Action!" cried director Robert Wise, and actor Anthony Hopkins walked into the living room and confronted them both.

"Cut!" yelled Wise, and the three stars relaxed while a new camera set-up was underway.

Hopkins, Beck and Ms. Mason are the stars of **Audrey Rose**, already anticipated as one of the major thrillers of 1977.

Keeping oneself keyed up during the endless waits between takes is no easy chore for an actor, but Hopkins, Beck and Ms. Mason seem to manage it easier than most, perhaps because they are so comfortable working together.

The top-billed Ms. Mason won an Oscar nomination for Best Actress when she made **Cinderella Liberty** with James Caan. She hasn't made a movie since, preferring to put her marriage to playwright Neil Simon ahead of her own career ambitions.

AUDREY ROSE

"That's *not* a sacrifice," she hastened to add. "I'm just putting first things first. My life with my husband and my children is more important to me than making some movie that will separate me from them.

It's that simple."

Well, almost. She was set to star in Simon's **Murder By Death** (Eileen Brennan inherited her role) until she switched to another Simon screenplay, **Bogart Slept Here**, with Mike Nichols directing. But Nichols and her leading man Robert De Niro couldn't get along and the project was shelved, leaving Ms. Mason without a role in either of her hubby's films.

She's back before the cameras now, however. And she's going to get another crack at **Bogart Slept Here**, too – this time retitled **The Goodbye Girl**, with volatile Richard Dreyfuss as her co-star. In the meantime she's content to wrestle with **Audrey Rose**, as the mother of a little girl who may or may not be the reincarnation of someone else's daughter. Her husband is played by Beck, the actor who played Keir Dullea's sidekick in **Paperback Hero** and James Caan's friendly rival in **Rollerball**. And the father of the dead girl is played by Hopkins better known for his TV roles in such video biggies as *Victory At Entebbe* than for his previous film roles.

"The picture is emotionally exhausting, for all of us," says Ms. Mason. "But it's a good feeling."

Audrey Rose really marks the major film debut of Hopkins, the incredibly versatile British actor who played the prosecuted German doctor in the serialized version of Leon Uris' novel *QB VII*, and last year won an Emmy for his stunning portrayal of Bruno Hauptmann in the video version of the *Lindbergh Kidnapping* case.

This year, world audiences will see him in not one but two screen blockbusters – as one of a dozen stars in the $22 million anti-war film **A Bridge Too Far**, and as the antagonist in **Audrey Rose**, the movie Hollywood is already calling next year's **Omen**.

Audrey Rose is a spooky thriller about a sophisticated Manhattan couple (Marsha Mason and John Beck) who suddenly lose their cool when a complete stranger walks in and announces that their 12-year-old daughter Ivy really belongs to him – that she is really the reincarnation of his daughter Audrey Rose, killed in a flaming car accident when she was five. Ivy is played by Susan Swift, and the stranger who claims her as his own is played by Hopkins.

Audrey Rose is a milestone for Hopkins in more ways than one. He's very much the focus of the film, for one thing; he's not likely to get lost in the shuffle as he did in earlier films such as **Young Winston**, **Juggernaut** or even **A Doll's House**, where he provided brilliant foil for Claire Bloom, yet somehow emerged faceless at the film's conclusion. No, no one will forget Tony Hopkins in **Audrey Rose**. And when audiences remember, producers remember – and of such stuff are superstars made.

The day I met him on the set – United Artists had rented MGM's biggest sound stage for the production – was, coincidentally, Hopkins' first day in front of the cameras, and he was elated.

"There's an upbeat rhythm about this picture," he said. "It just feels good. Everything is, well, first class – we rehearse for two weeks, and then we start shooting, everything right on schedule. And we're working gentlemen's hours, too," he added, beaming – "eight a.m. to six p.m. Almost a holiday."

He bummed a cigarette from one of the grips, coaxed a match from a wardrobe girl and lit up greedily. "Ahhhhh," he purred, "that's better. I gave up smoking and drinking on the weekend, and I think perhaps I went too far."

After seeing him in a veritable masquerade of roles it's a bit of surprise to see how young Hopkins looks in person – he's only 35 – and getting a fix on his soft British accent is next to impossible. He could be Swedish, Dutch, South African – a native of any foreign tongue who has mastered English so well that only a trace of an accent hints at a European or Middle Eastern birth.

"I've also given up meat. I'm not a strict vegetarian, not yet. But I feel much better not eating meat. My wife and I have bought a house in the canyon; she's started a garden. It's all rather pleasant. And exciting in a way – we've never had a home, a permanent home, before."

If they've been 20th century gypsies, blame it on the perils of acting. "This profession is built on quicksand," he says with a shrug. "It's hard to turn down work because you never know, you never know. Everyone wants to do good scripts, but –". He sighed, remembering shows he'd done, movies he'd made (like **The Girl From Petrovka**) that he now regrets. "But **Audrey Rose** is going to be special, I think. And not a violent film. Between TV and movies our senses are battered stupid by violence. No, I believe we have something special here. The rhythm is right . . . "

He nodded, endorsing his own theory, and sipped his black coffee. Hopkins is in that peculiar limbo of being a highly respected actor – an award-winning actor, on U.S. television – yet not a movie star. He knows he did a remarkable job as the doctor in *QB VII*, and he knows he was uncannily convincing as Bruno Hauptmann, but he's almost shy about acknowledging it – admittedly "a bit nervous" about sounding conceited, especially in an interview.

"When I first read the script for *QB VII* I thought, how the hell am I going to play a 60-year-old man? But the right combination of elements happened. Tom Gries, the director, just let me get on with it, and it was fine."

You can say that again.

"No, really," he protested, shaking his head, "it wasn't a great effort. It's technique – a psychological technique of opening the right sluice gate, emotionally, and controlling the flow. Actors tend to make a mystery of it, but it's really just the gift of knowing what buttons to press in oneself.

"The biggest effort on *QB VII*," he added, "was the research. I must have read a mountain of books and documents, testimony, trial testimony, before I was through. Because I had to find out WHY he professed innocence right to the end, despite overwhelming evidence to the contrary. It wasn't merely a case of blotting it out because the memory was unpleasant for him; he had *blacked* it out, erased it, drummed it out of his consciousness."

AUDREY ROSE

Hopkins used a different psychology when he played Bruno Hauptmann but climbed another mountain of research before he played the part.

"I read everything I could find about the Lindbergh case, and in the end I concluded that there was no conclusion to come to. On the evidence presented I did not see how anyone could judge if Hauptmann was guilty *or* innocent. So I decided to believe that he was innocent, and I played him believing in his innocence."

Unit publicist Bob Werden brought us fresh coffee, which Hopkins accepted gratefully.

"Bob, could you do me a big favor?" His voice was a timid plea. "Could you get me a cigarette? A filter cigarette?" Werden left and returned with a long filter-tipped cigarette, and Hopkins thanked him profusely. "They *do* pay me on this film," he added hurriedly as I handed him the ashtray. "It's just that I can't leave the set to buy some."

Hopkins' school days in Britain left much to be desired. "I was Denny The Dunce in school. I was so shy I couldn't speak to girls until I was well into my teens." But somewhere along the way he picked up enough nerve to hide himself in other characters on stage, even at London's esteemed Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and another actor was born. By the time he was a member of the Liverpool Repertory company he was so well thought of that he was invited to audition for the National Theatre and its legendary ringmaster Sir Laurence Olivier.

Olivier was doing *Othello* then, and when Hopkins appeared before him he asked him what role he had chosen for this audition.

"*Othello*," said Hopkins stiffly. Olivier was admittedly awed by the young upstart in front of him. "Does anyone have a cigarette?" he asked, turning to other members of the National Theatre board assembled for the auditions. He turned back to Hopkins. "I'm very nervous, you see – you might be better than me."

Hopkins swallowed hard, took a deep breath and played *Othello* for Olivier. After he was through Olivier conferred briefly with other members of the board and then turned back to Hopkins again.

"I think I won't lose too much sleep tonight," he said, his eyes twinkling. "Still, would you like to join the company?".

He did, and on his first night played in *Othello* – but not in the leading role. Not even the second lead. "I was the messenger," Hopkins recalls with a rueful grin, "and even at that I made an awful mess of it. I did Iago's lines instead of my own, and when we went into the wings Frank Finlay, who was playing Iago, turned to me and said, "Would you like to go on and do the rest of my part as well?"

He smiled, remembering.

"I learned more from watching Olivier than all the drama courses and lectures put together. He is a cunning actor. My wife adores him. Women in

general adore him, I should think. I'm so lucky to have had a start-off from that man. And very proud – and I don't care if it sounds sentimental or not."

He begged another cigarette from a passing technician, lit up again, and inhaled deeply, watching the smoke wisp its way out his open dressing room door.

"I used to worry too much," he said. "I used to strive for perfection so relentlessly that it took all the pleasure, all the fun out of it. Now I'm less demanding, of myself and others. I'm not competing now, not the way I was – I'm not out to win. It lets me off the hook, allows me to unclog, to open up – and gets me closer to where I wanted to be in the first place.

"American actors are wonderful, I think. So internal in their work. I want to do *Hamlet* again – I haven't done it in 16 years, since I was at RADA – and I want to do it here, in Los Angeles, with American actors. I think I'm ready for it now."

Audrey Rose is the brain child of novelist and screenwriter Frank De Felitta. He wrote the novel, published in 1975, as a result of an eerie experience he and his wife shared with their young son Raymond.

According to De Felitta, he and his wife Dorothy were relaxing on the terrace of their L.A. home five years ago when they suddenly heard piano music in the style of Fats Waller coming from inside their house.

"We went in," says De Felitta, "and there was Raymond at the piano, going like the devil. We were shocked. In fact, we were scared. Raymond said his *fingers* were doing it."

Only six at that time, Raymond had displayed no previous hint of musical talent. De Felitta finally consulted an L.A. occultist, Barbara Ryan, who explained Raymond's mystifying talent as an "incarnation leak."

De Felitta was fascinated by her diagnosis and began to read U.S. mystic Edgar Cayce, Hindu texts on reincarnation and the works of various pyschiatrists who were investigating life after death.

A year and a half later he submitted the final manuscript of **Audrey Rose** to his publisher, and a bestseller was born. Movie fans will get a chance to see its cinema offspring early this year. ●

George Anthony is the film critic for the Toronto Sun.

by Eleanor Hendriks-Witmer

GALLERY

Since television became a permanent fixture in everyone's living room there has been a constant migration of actors from TV to the movies.

Many actors who gained recognition through a successful TV series headed for Hollywood hoping to make it big on the big screen. Their rate of success has run the gamut from zero all the way to infinity.

Pernell Roberts, for example, left the highly successful series *Bonanza* never to be heard of again. (Well, almost never). James Arness left *Gunsmoke* briefly for another try at feature films, only to return to the security of one of television's longest running series. On the other hand, one success story that boggles the mind is that of Clint Eastwood. After starring in an immensely successful series, *Rawhide,* our man Clint went on to become one of the all-time great movie box-office draws.

Currently caught up in the TV-to-movies migration is Susan Saint James, who gained international video popularity as the wife of Police Commissioner Stuart McMillan (alias-movie star Rock Hudson) in the hit series *McMillan and Wife.* Prior to *McMillan,* Ms. Saint James guest-starred on other top-rated television series such as *Ironside* and *It Takes a Thief,* and was also a regular on *The Name Of The Game,* winning an Emmy in 1969.

The tawny 5'8" Susan was a model for several years before taking up acting and since her first assignment (the pilot for *The Name Of The Game*) she has never been out of work. She is presently starring opposite Peter Fonda in a Warner Bros. film, **Outlaw Blues**, the story of a fugitive who becomes a top country singer. If her past history of success is any indication of things to come **Outlaw Blues** should be another winner for this talented lady.

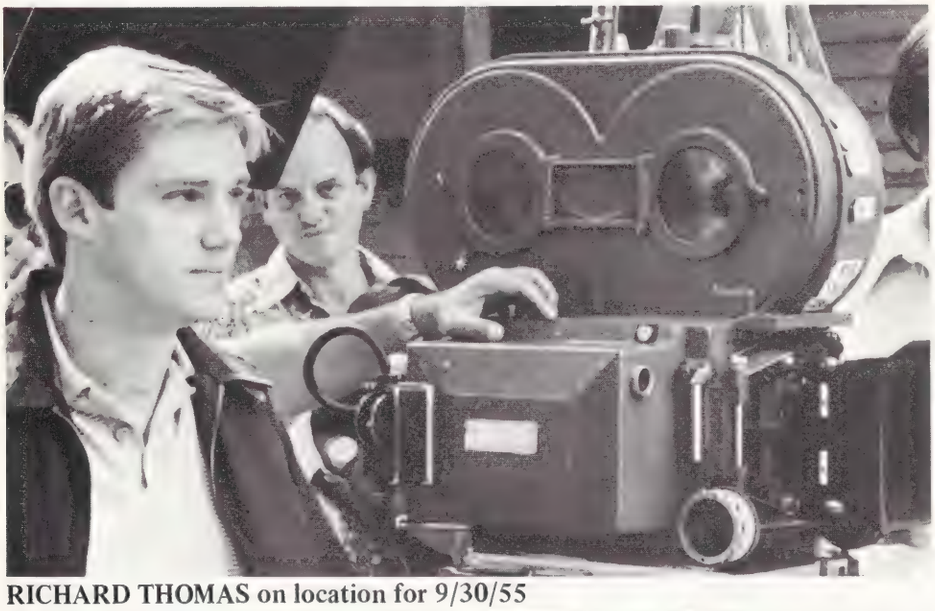
Another young actress seeking success on the big screen is Sally Field. Ms. Field became known to the home audience via *Gidget,* a long-running comedy series, followed by a three-year run as *The Flying Nun* which firmly established her as a refreshing comedy talent. Her last series was a short-lived romantic comedy, *The Girl With Something Extra,* in which she co-starred with John Davidson.

SALLY FIELD with co-star BURT REYNOLDS

Although she built her reputation on television in comedy parts, her debut in movies was a straight dramatic role in **Stay Hungry** opposite Jeff Bridges. After receiving excellent reviews for her performance, she followed very quickly with a startling television movie, *Sybil,* portraying a mentally disturbed woman with multiple personalities and again winning fine reviews.

At the moment she's gone back to comedy in Universal's new action-romp, **Smokey and The Bandit**. Ms. Field plays a runaway bride who teams up with Burt Reynolds, an almost has-been highway superman known in citizen's band radio circles as The Bandit. The film details Reynold's outrageous 28-hour, 18-wheel effort to regain his credentials as a genuine King-of-the-Road American hero.

GALLERY



RICHARD THOMAS on location for 9/30/55

SUSAN SAINT JAMES

ROB REINER

Rob Reiner of *All In The Family* is also making his bid for stardom on the silver screen. After six years in the role of Mike Stivic, son-in-law of Archie Bunker, Reiner is well equipped to take on the task of portraying Alan Arkin's brother in 20th Century Fox's new and outrageous comedy **Fire Sale.** Rob Reiner comes by his flair for comedy honestly, being the son of the ever-creative comic Carl Reiner. Rob has even written some of the episodes of *All In The Family* – probably the most popular series in TV history – and has expressed a desire to produce and direct movies for television. His development in all areas will be watched with great interest by movie and television fans alike.

Richard Thomas is another young actor of exceptional talent who has already made several films in Hollywood, including **Winning** with Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward, **Red Sky At Morning** and **You'll Like My Mother.** He is, of course, best known to television audiences for his portrayal of John Boy in the incredibly successful series *The Waltons.* Thomas comes from theatrical background, his parents being former ballet dancers, who now operate the New York School of Ballet.

As a child he travelled extensively with his family and it was inevitable that he take to the stage himself at a young age. He made his stage debut at the age of 9 and by 15 had done summer stock and several television plays.

In Universal's new drama **9/30/55** Richard makes his first movie appearance since the inception of The Waltons on TV. In the film he plays an idealistic young man forced to cope with the death of his film idol James Dean.

If for some reason these multi-talented young performers fail in their bid for motion picture fame, rest assured we'll all be able to see them again – where? – on the small screens in our living rooms of course. ●

Eleanor Hendricks-Witmer is a staff member of the Toronto Sun.

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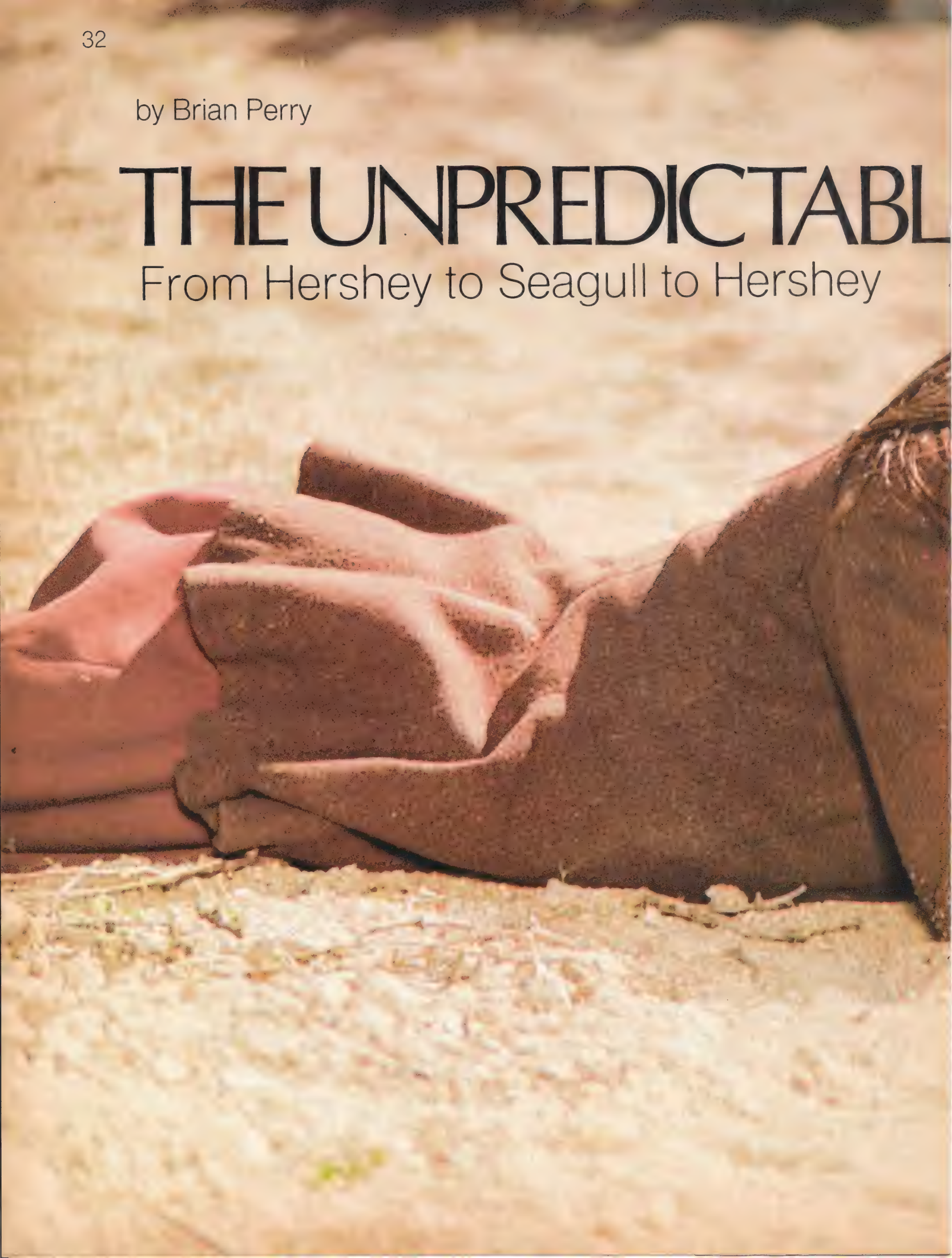
AIR CANADA

by Brian Perry

THE UNPREDICTABL

From Hershey to Seagull to Hershey



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BARBARA

Barbara Hershey has been called everything from the loveliest young actress to appear on the screen since Liz Taylor was in her prime to a confused flower child who really doesn't know what she wants and is floundering around until she finds out.

Perhaps there is some justification for the latter attitude. When the auburn-haired, 29-year-old actress began performing in various television series at the age of 17, she was billed by her proper name, Barbara Hershey. That is the name she bears today.

BARBARA HERSHEY

But there is an interesting history between the two time periods. In 1972, she returned to television as Barbara Hershey Seagull.

A year later, she co-starred with Timothy Bottoms in a Playboy magazine production called **The Crazy World of Julius Vrooder** – as Barbara Seagull.

Confused? No wonder. The entire episode began in 1969, during the making of **Last Summer**, director Frank Perry's powerful study of three destructive adolescents and their victim.

The film included a sequence in which Barbara's character finds a wounded seagull on the beach, and proceeds to nurse it back to health. During the filming, however, the gull was accidentally killed.

According to one source, Barbara said: "I suddenly felt the bird's soul move inside me. That's when I knew I wanted to change my name to Barbara Seagull."

Many people – perhaps understandably – might dismiss that statement as the ravings of a publicity-hungry kook, but Miss Hershey/Seagull is the epitome of sincerity and seriousness in discussing herself and her career.

She has impressed both the public and the critical community in a variety of roles – Robert Lyons' girlfriend in **Dealing**, the footloose hippie in **The Babymaker**, the college radical in **The Pursuit of Happiness** and the title-role character in **Boxcar Bertha**, the film she has become most famous – or infamous – for.

That's hardly surprising, though. Her turbulent off-screen relationship with actor David Carradine (who played opposite her in **Boxcar Bertha**) has been publicized in magazines as diverse as Playboy and The National Enquirer.

The former, in its August 1972 issue, featured a four-page spread of Hershey and Carradine in nude embrace in scenes that were, according to one source, edited from the release print of **Boxcar Bertha**.

Barbara Hershey lived with Carradine in Laurel Canyon and accepted a back-to-nature life-style that appealed to her immensely. She grew much of the food which the couple ate, and surrounded herself with animals. "I haven't lost my privacy," she said. "And I don't pay ANY attention to money. I let someone else take care of that."

She is a product of Hollywood – she was born there and attended Hollywood High – and is noted as a very private, even secretive person; she gives interviews with great reluctance, and only then discusses her career rather than her private life and thoughts. She once called herself "a free agent, both in my films and the life I lead."

It would seem, on the surface, that a woman as private as Miss Hershey has become noted as an actress more than willing to abandon her clothes (and perhaps her principles) for a scene.

The reputation, she insists, is an erroneous one. "I'm not opposed to nudity in films, as long as that nudity belongs in the film. I'm sure my parents don't understand me, and they've probably been shocked at some of the things I've done. But they're getting used to it."

Barbara's career is, in many ways, the typical Hollywood success story. Spotted by a talent agent in a high-school production of *The Rainmaker*, she won a small part on the *Gidget* TV series. *The Munroes*, a series about five orphans in 1870, was one of the several launching pads in her 12-year career. She also appeared in CBS Playhouse and Chrysler Theatre, to good critical response.

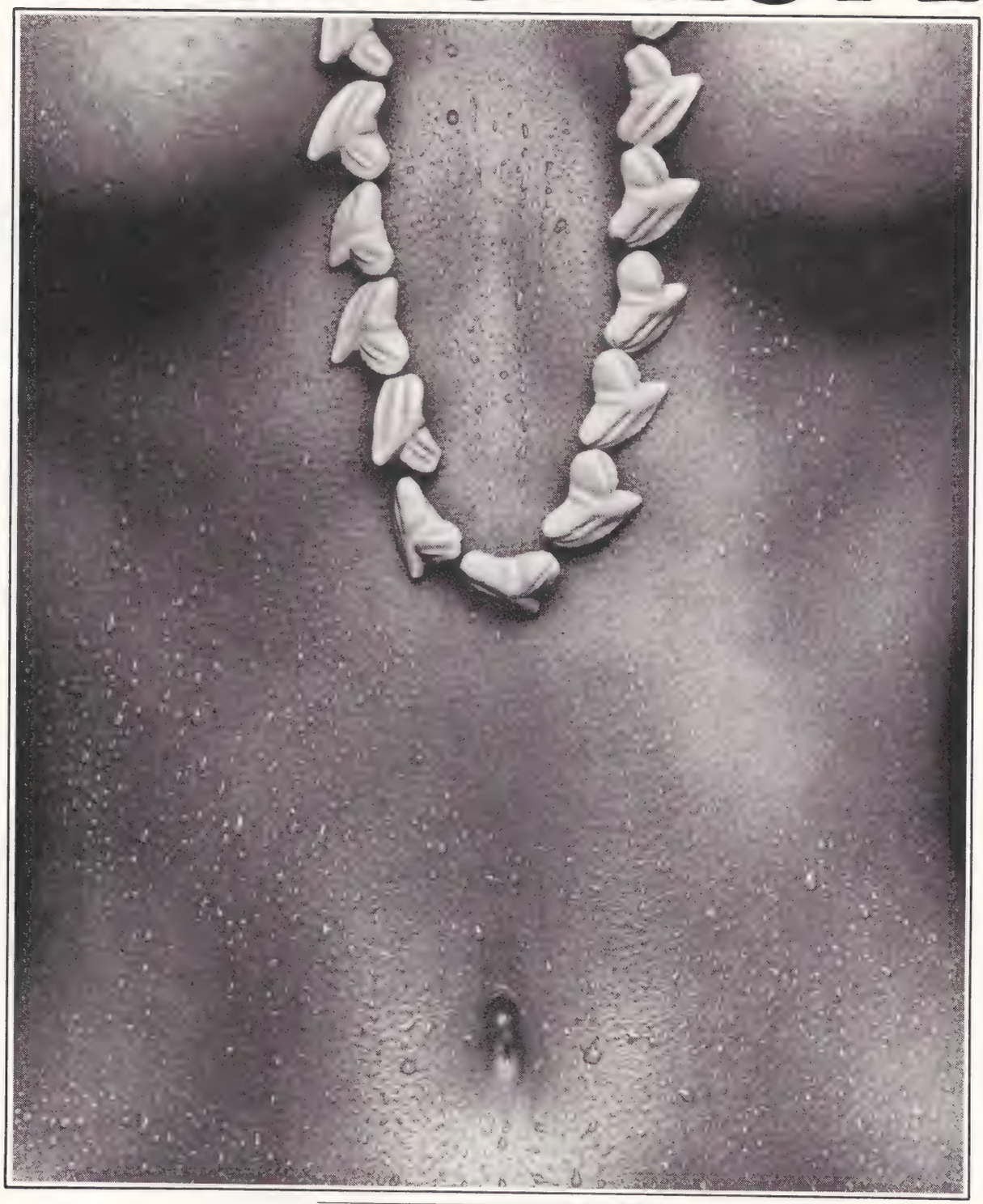
Her latest movie is a western, **The Last Hard Men**, a film whose opening has been delayed by at least six months for reasons best known to 20th-Century Fox. In a recent interview she said she regrets the entire Seagull episode, and feels that it was aberrant from her personality. "I just want to act, and give the best performances I can."

She has developed a large following among what she likes to call the head set – the pot-puffing nonconformists who are prototypes of characters Hershey herself has so often portrayed. They have elevated her to superstar status.

Rumor has it that she even has a fan club based on Wall Street. It's composed of, in her words, "a pack of anxious young stockbrokers." ●

Brian Perry is a film critic, often reviewing for the Toronto Star.

HEDONISM*



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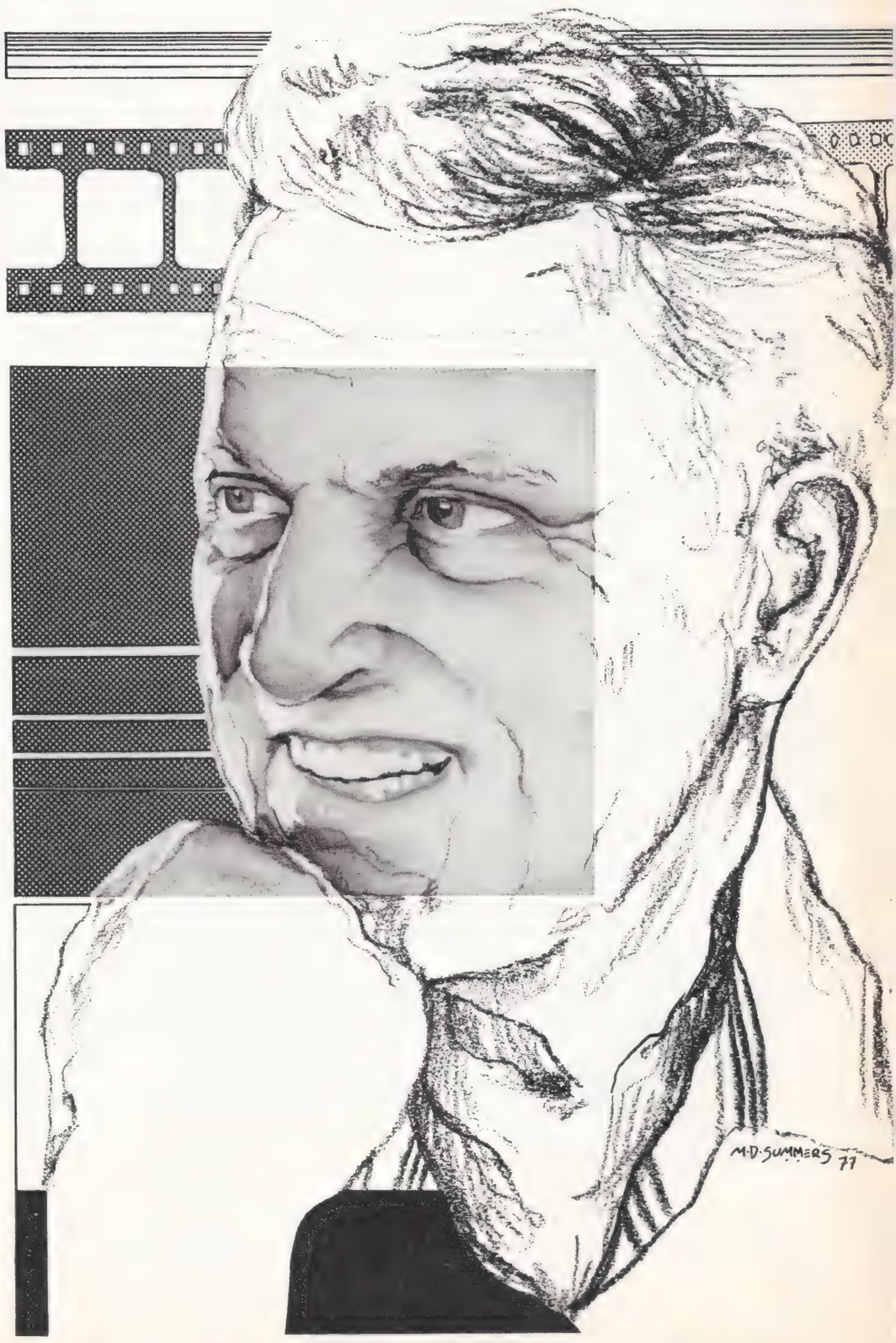
STANLEY KRAMER

by Gerald Pratley



In the making of motion pictures, particularly American films, business acumen is an essential adjunct to artistic sensitivity. If a picture does not appeal to the public, then who will see it? How will it recover the costs of production, thus making it possible for the producer to make further movies?

This principle has greater currency today, in the era of independent producers, than ever before, and is believed in quite seriously by artists in the cinema of a variety of interests and abilities. One of the most notable among them is Stanley Kramer.

Mr. Kramer is the man who produced the first film to cut deep into the American color bar problem, with **Home of the Brave.** He starred Marlon Brando in his first film, about the awful after-effects of war with **The Men.** He brought writer Carl Foreman together with director Fred Zinnemann to make **High Noon.** He turned to directing himself and made one of the first protest films against nuclear bombs, **On The Beach,** as well as a bitter indictment of the last world war, **Judgment at Nuremburg.** He then produced a film about retarded children, **A Child is Waiting,** giving the direction to actor John Cassavetes.

Cynics tend to disparage film makers who tackle social subjects which happen to be in the headlines. They are accused of doing it to cash in on controversy. Undoubtedly, some do – witness the Entebbe raid, the Gilmore execution, the passengers who ate their dead companions when their plane crashed, and many more. They often make sensational pictures, which make money, and cast doubts on the motives of those producers who care about making honest film, and often lose money!

Kramer was one of the first of the independent producers who defied Holly-

PROFILE

wood conventions and sometimes made it pay, and sometimes failed. But he always made films he believed in, whether they seemed likely to succeed or not.

Immediately, simple-minded critics called him "a message man." With some belligerence he immediately replied that he did not want to be called a message man.

"I make movies, not messages. Any movie worth a damn has a message, if you want to put it that way. But I haven't got anything to sell. I make movies which have something to say."

Even at that, Kramer never took upon himself the mantle of a savior. He knew his film history, and gave credit where it was due. At the time when he made **Inherit the Wind** (the Monkey Trial of the twenties) he said, in a talk over CBC radio, that it is "a misconception to believe that the present atmosphere of freedom from hysteria and constraint is something new. It is also a misconception to believe that only now may we make films which challenge fundamental concepts and social beliefs.

"Hollywood, in fact, has always made pictures with significant themes. One may suppose that in the light of his day, D. W. Griffith, who presented the South in a favorable light in **Birth of a Nation**, attacked a daring and highly incendiary theme, for this was still in a year when many living men held memories of the War between the States.

"Even during the year of post-War unpleasantness, there were producers and writers who were working on controversial themes, ideas which provoked discussion and not a little misgiving in some quarters. No, it would be wrong to say that what has gone before in Hollywood was a period of Middle Age darkness.

"From the very first days of American films, pioneers and men of conviction brought significant ideas to the screen. The films of social ferment like **Grapes Of Wrath** and **Black Fury**; the films of protest like **Fury** and **Black Legion**; the films of anti-war content like **All Quiet on the Western Front** and **The Boy With Green Hair**, are only a few examples. Frank Capra's films were movies of protest against corruption and tyranny. In this sense, the American screen has not suddenly 'found its freedom.'

"I have always believed that there must be a continuing presence of ideas in films and about films. Final truths are never those which are but once uttered. They must be stated over and over again, not only in films, but in books, in music, in all art."

Stanley Kramer's concern with ideas and truth and their inherent dramatic qualities, took him from New York University in 1933 straight for Hollywood. He harbored but one ambition: to write and eventually to make motion pictures. And with the exception of the time he spent in army service, he has worked at nothing other than motion pictures.

He was born in New York City on September 29, 1913. Once in Hollywood his promise as a writer was not immediately fulfilled – he was soon relegated to clearing up MGM's property department. He had a succession of unsatisfying but useful jobs; he worked in the research department, swept out the studios at $18.00 a week, moved into the cutting and editing rooms for two years; and assisted directors, cameramen, and the casting offices.

He finally sold a script to Columbia and was soon turning out screenplays for "B" pictures when the war arrived. When he left the army he went back to MGM as associate producer on **So Ends Our Night** and **The Moon and Sixpence**. In these immediate post-war years he knew that to make the films he believed in he would have to break away from the studios and set himself up as an independent – a very risky undertaking.

In May 1947, he set up his own production company. The going was indeed, difficult. "Hollywood is like a boardwalk" he said at the time, "with enough loose boards to fall through to make you weary of getting up again. At least, it keeps you from becoming too self-satisfied."

Wisely perhaps, his first film was the inoffensive comedy, **So This is New York**, written by Carl Foreman from the play by Ring Lardner, starring Henry Morgan and directed by Richard Fleischer.

Kramer started directing his own films in 1955 and his fifteenth, and latest, is **The Domino Principle**, written by Adam Kennedy from his novel, in which Gene Hackman and Candice Bergen are involved in a story of an assassination carried out by one of today's ever-prevalent "powerful and nameless organizations." As with all of Kramer's films (which also include **Guess Who's Coming to Dinner, It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World, Bless The Beasts and Children)** it promises to be different and topical. Although the sense of involvement on a personal level is absent from many of his films, his work continues to reflect his determination to treat contemporary problems. Like several other American producers who refused to be dominated by the Hollywood set-up, he has pursued an independent course, worked alone, taken on full responsibility for his films, and learned to survive. He makes films mostly because he enjoys the work and likes trying to persuade people (his audiences) into thinking about the subject matter he has filmed. He would like his films to achieve a social effect but he admits "there's no way of knowing how much effect a movie has, and I have no illusions about how much good they do. I want my work to mean something. I want to make good use of the freedom we have to criticize ourselves, and in so doing, to strengthen ourselves." ●

Gerald Pratley is the Director of the Ontario Film Theatre.

TRUDY YOUNG

Canadian actress Trudy Young, star of Ragtime Summer, tells all — well, *Almost* all — in this exclusive article by Ms. Young for Marquee.

Ragtime Summer is my first motion-picture as an actress. That may seem like an odd statement, given the fact that I've been in the entertainment industry since 1965, and have appeared in all the various media – stage, films and television.

But I've more or less walked through the other roles I've done. It's very easy to play a character that is close to yourself and your own experiences, but to create and develop a character is something that is difficult and challenging. It's also very rewarding when you realize that you've suceeded.

I thought my performance in **Face-Off** was terrible. I liked the director, George McCowan, as a man, but he was only interested in the technical aspects of the movie – the shots, the editing, the camera set-ups and so on. At that early point in my career, I needed guidance and direction. I didn't get it, and consequently my performance suffered.

That's one major difference between my work in the early films like **Face-Off** and **The Reincarnate** and my new picture, **Ragtime Summer**. The director, Alan Bridges (who directed **The Hireling)** was by far the best director I've ever worked with. He took us aside and discussed the characters we were playing, and helped us develop and mold them. That made a big difference. In any kind of acting, that sort of thing is important and vital. It's not as easy as many people perhaps might think. It's a craft that has to be worked at.

The character I play in **Ragtime Summer** – the daughter of a headmaster, who falls in love with an English schoolteacher in a small Ontario community after World War I – is more complex than anything I've undertaken before. The picture and the other members of the cast were in a totally different league from what I had been used to.

Much of the film's action revolves around Lakefield College School, which was chosen by the screenwriter, Ratch Wallace, because he studied there as a boy and thought it would be ideal. The director and the producers, after some initial reluctance, soon agreed that it would be perfect for the background of the drama. The entire picture was made with the complete co-operation of the townspeople.

Ragtime Summer (it was previously called ***Summer Rain***) is an Anglo-Canadian production. It was financed by several different sources – the Canadian Film Development Corporation, Odeon Theatres of Canada and the Rank Organization Film Distributors. And, of course, private investors from both countries also had a hand in the financing.

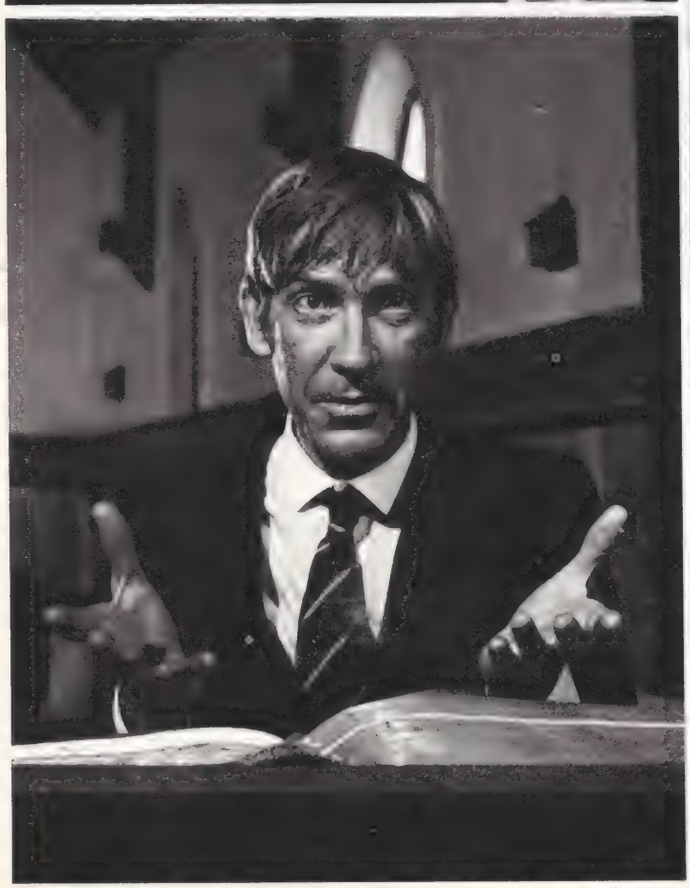
The script of the film appealed to me from the beginning. I'm a romanticist, and the film is a poignant love story. I'm sure it will have an appeal to the public at this particular time, when so much sex and violence are offered as entertainment.

I received third billing in **Ragtime Summer**, after David Warner and Honor Blackman – but that doesn't bother me a bit, despite the fact that my part was larger than Honor's. It makes no difference to me whatsoever.

I felt slightly sorry for Honor because of the slowdown in her career. I didn't have many scenes with her, so I can't really describe what she's like as a person.

David Warner was very easy to work with, and he's a performer I admire immensely. We had several poignant love scenes together, and his sensitivity and professionalism made my part easier.

Many were anticipating some animosity because of the mixture of British and



Canadian crew and actors, but there were no problems at all.

Along the same lines, I was once asked by a reporter about the entire issue of Canadian talent versus non-Canadian, and the seemingly endless hassles that go on in the name of nationalism.

To be quite honest, I think we're digging our own graves. I'm all for Canadian talent, but the only way to succeed is to get Canadian people to watch Canadian productions. When people learn that what they're about to watch on TV is, say, a CBC production, they're automatically turned off. If only they would give it a chance, they would probably be pleasantly surprised.

I also feel that Canadian and non-Canadian performers should co-exist, and learn from each other. I think it's ludicrous to prevent American or British performers from working in Canada – and vice-versa. We should strive for quality at any cost, whatever nationality that quality might come in.

Ragtime Summer is the proof that it can be done. The Canadians in the cast – Tim Henry, Jon Granik, Cec Linders, others and myself – got along famously with our British counterparts.

I often think, however, about following the lead of other Canadian performers, and heading to the United States, where employment perhaps might be easier. But money isn't really important to me, and I'm happy where I am. And at the moment, I'm in love, and, for me, love always has to come first.

Besides, I'm too emotional to cope with the politics and power-plays of the industry. The political game goes on in Canada, too; there's no denying that, but I feel that it's probably much heavier and distinct in New York or Los Angeles.

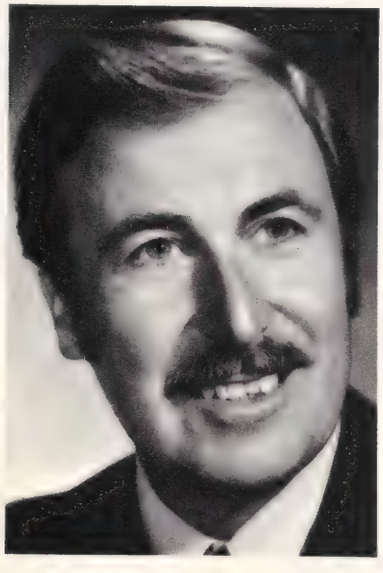
I also do not do much socializing with people in the film industry. I have friends in the industry, of course, but I lead a quiet private life, and am not much for party-going with the so-called beautiful people.

My driving ambition at this moment is to be a great actress, but I have no desire to be a star. When I was co-hosting *Razzle Dazzle*, the CBC children's show, I was 15 years old and ran into quite a few difficulties. I wanted my classmates to look upon me as just a friend, not a television star. I found I was getting derogatory comments from people I didn't even know, and it was often not easy to cope with it all.

My attitude has not changed radically in the 12 years that have lapsed since that time. My goal is to be accepted for what I am, not what people think I should be. And as long as I'm able to combine my personal self with my career and make it balance, I'll be content. ●

(clockwise, bottom far left) To escape persecution for being a conscientious objector in the 1914-18 war, Henry Buchanan (David Warner) takes a teaching post in a boys private school. Mrs. Boswell (Honor Blackman), a wealthy lonely woman, who finds solace in alcohol and the occasional affair, seeks him out. While Clarissa Hogarth (Trudy Young) falls madly in love with him.

CANADIAN MOVIEGOERS LOSE A FRIEND



Every motion picture must travel through three phases; production, distribution and exhibition. Each phase is composed of a team of hard working men and women.

Charles R. Mason was a distinguished member of all three teams.

He began his career as a child actor in British film comedies and after serving his country during World War II, joined the J. Arthur Rank Organization in 1948.

After five years at Pinewood Studios, he was transferred to Canada and in 1955 was appointed publicity director of the Rank Organization's film distribution company. In 1960 he became the director of advertising and public relations for Odeon Theatres (Canada) Ltd., a post he held until his untimely death late last year.

Mr. Mason's professional life was one of devotion to the entertainment of motion picture audiences. A devotion that never lost sight of an audience's needs. It was an awareness that had developed from being a lifelong fan of the movies.

He represented not only the interests of his company but those of moviegoers everywhere.

He will be missed.

David Haslam
Publisher and Editor

SURVIV

AN ODYSSEY FOR TOMORROW FROM THE DANGERS OF TODAY

by Lyle Slack

North America owes a debt to Robbie the Robot. Even those who never saw the 1956 science-fiction thriller, **Forbidden Planet**, which gave us the versatile Robbie, have heard the name and may know something of his heroics.

Robbie taught us that we could love a machine. With his crackling voicebox and his sense of loyalty, he induced an affection for hardware that led all directions in movies and may have had something to do with sending Ford and General Motors into a sharp trend toward personality cars.

It's not precisely a straight line from Robbie the Robot to **Survival Run**, a new sci-fi thriller about nuclear holocaust, but there is a machine in this new film that is bound to give French beauty Dominique Sanda stiff competition for attention.

'The Land Master' weighs nearly 22,000 pounds, roughly four times your average everyday Cadillac. You can step

VAL RUN

from the top of it into a second floor window and drive it in either direction thanks to a transmission capable of seven speeds forward and reverse.

There are no camera tricks or special effects here. Twentieth Century-Fox spent a good chunk of their $6 million budget to have a Hollywood automotive styling company build the formidable-looking vehicle, starting in Texas at the Houston Scientific International, Inc. plant.

They fitted a Ford industrial engine to it, gave it twelve wheels arranged in triangle-shaped clusters, and divided the front and rear units so that it can turn at the midsection using two hydraulic cylinders. More specifically, when it rounds a corner, it does so almost in the shape of an "L" and on uneven ground the two units roll and twist independently.

Survival Run's stars will apparently need all the help 'The Land Master' can give them. Based on Roger Zelazny's novel, *Damnation Alley*, it is the story of the aftermath of a nuclear war that has ripped the Earth from its axis.

As radiation levels subside, a tiny band of survivors venture from their underground base to discover what has become of the world. Nature, they find, has gone wild on the new, bizarre landscape of the globe.

We have seen it before in other films, of course, but there are elements of in-

terest here. For one thing, 20th Century-Fox is promising thoroughly researched scientific accuracy for all of their grotesque visions; certainly the authenticity of 'The Land Master' is encouraging.

Survival Run is also of note as the first film in some years for George Peppard who has been otherwise engaged as *Banacek* and in *Doctor's Hospital.* It is also the first American film for Dominique Sanda, the 25-year-old ash blonde French actress who has already made eleven films on the Continent and supplanted Catherine Deneuve in some people's eyes as the most beautiful woman in the world.

Peppard plays an Air Force officer in charge of the small band of military who have survived the nuclear wipeout deep inside a command silo of the U.S. Strategic Air Command. Jan-Michael Vincent, the fresh-faced star of **Baby Blue Marine** and **White Line Fever**, and Paul Winfield, who was Burt Reynolds' sidekick in **Hustle**, portray fellow officers.

One has to strain to recall that in the early 60's before he signed on for *Banacek*, George Peppard was in the vanguard of a new wave of handsome male screen stars who also happened to have some acting talent.

Starting with **Pork Chop Hill** in which he appeared with Robert Mitchum and later in films like **The Blue Max, The Carpetbaggers, Breakfast at Tiffany's, How the West Was Won**, Peppard drew good notices. He had, furthermore, earned his way to the top. After high school in Dearborn, Michigan, outside Detroit where Peppard divided his extracurricular time between football and drama, he studied classical theatre and eventually received a fine arts degree from the Carnegie Institute of Technology.

Broadway roles, radio and TV work followed until **Pork Chop Hill** came along in 1959 and revealed his potential. Later, however, he was lured into doing the two serials which left hardly enough time to brush his teeth let alone make movies.

"For me, it was like being in prison," Peppard says today. "I would get up at five o'clock, learn lines until six, and leave for the studio feeling as though I hadn't had enough rest. You work all day without much of a break and are lucky to return home by seven. By the time you shower and dine, it's time to go to bed.

"It can make you feel like a robot," concedes the athletic, 6-foot Peppard. "Frankly, there are very few actors I know who enjoy it. The only compensation is that you are paid handsomely."

If Peppard sounds a bit worn out, Dominique Sanda has the kind of sanguine effervescence most girls probably dream stardom to be. "People are the only thing that matters," she bubbles over. "I dream of ultimately going to every nation and trying to understand all people."

She can already scratch a number of countries off her list. Born in France, she left home at 14 to escape protective parents, became a model and married at 15, was on the cover of Vogue at 16 and making her first movie at 17.

Maximillan Schell lured her to Germany to make a screen version of Chekhov's **First Love**. Then Bernardo Bertolucci and Visconti introduced her to Italy where she has worked most recently on Bertolucci's extravagant **1900**, a five-and-a-half hour epic history of the rise of communism in Italy.

"Bertolucci has an esthetic, photogenic idea of me," she told Catherine Dreyfus in Mademoiselle. "He writes for me in images which I then have to interpret . . . . "

Apparently she translates very well. She was given the Best Actress honor for **Steppenwolf** at the 1974 Edinburgh Film Festival as well as the Best Actress Award at Cannes last year for **The Inheritance**. She was also Alan Bates lover in **The Impossible Object**, Paul Newman's mysterious companion in **The McKintosh Man** and a bright light in the Oscar-winning **Garden of the Finzi-Continis**.

In **Survival Run** the slender, 5-foot, 8-inch actress plays a Las Vegas vocalist-pianist, the only female survivor discovered by Peppard and company as they scout the western terrain in their 'Land Master.'

There is frequently a contrast between screen images and real-life personalities of movie stars, of course, but few are more striking than that of Dominique Sanda.

She has been described as wild, explosive, eccentric and erratic on screen. In **1900** she winds out a Bugatti roadster with her eyes covered. Bertolucci is said to have written for her the erotic role in **Last Tango in Paris** which finally went to Maria Schneider.

"I could have done them," she has said of the sex scenes in **Last Tango**. "I was nineteen and it would have been nothing. But, I thought, when I am twenty-three, would I have been happy to have done them? "

Off screen it is a different woman. Divorced when she was 19, she lives now with her four-year-old son, Ian, and her painter-lover in a hundred-year-old farmhouse 30 miles outside Paris.

She rides horses around her 35-acre farm and enjoys sitting beside their large stone fireplace on rainy days, drinking jasmine tea and eating slices of fruitcakes she bakes herself.

This allure for the bucolic is shared by her co-star Jan-Michael Vincent who has his own 20-acre ranch in Malibu, California, where he lives with his wife and daughter and the cows and the ducks.

Vincent is similarly a private person in real-life, preferring close friends and quiet to Hollywood partying. With the pick-up camper that Vincent usually lives in on set locations, he and his family often escape to the Baha or Mexico for weeks or even months at a time.

Survival Run is Vincent's 13th film and his first sci-fi flick. An actor who sees acting simply as "being yourself," he has gained remarkable popularity in a short time in **Buster and Billie, Bite the Bullet,** the TV movie *Tribes* and **Vigilante Force**, co-starring with Kris Kristofferson.

Most recently he was seen in **Shadow of the Hawk**, a Canadian production shot in and around Vancouver in which Vincent plays a young business executive of Indian descent who wrestles a bear by way of taking his old grandfather (Chief Dan George) back to the tribal hut.

Paul Winfield's rise has been concurrent with that of Jan-Michael Vincent. After getting an Oscar nomination in 1973 for his portrayal in **Sounder** of the father sentenced to hard labor during the depression for stealing meat to feed his family, Winfield began appearing prominently in a string of successful pictures.

He was the recluse who befriends Jon Voight in **Conrack**, Rev. Delaine in the CBS Special *With All Deliberate Speed* and is presently starring in Robert Aldrich's **Twilight's Last Gleaming**, a thriller about the seizure of a U.S. missile base.

It has all come slowly, after several years of television work, for the Los Angeles ghetto kid, who says he got his theatrical start uttering the single line

"Jumpin jehashophat" in a school play.

"I don't think about being a star or not being a star," he explains. "I'm an actor and to me acting is the reward. Money is nice and being recognized is nice most of the time. But being able to submerge myself in a new and interesting character is the best thing about my profession. I'd probably be an actor if we were the lowest paid profession in the world."

As with all his co-stars, **Survival Run** is Winfield's first science fiction film, and that fact is one signal of the revival of the sci-fi movie in America.

Robbie the Robot made his debut in the midst of an era of futuristic film that included **Animal Farm** (1955), **The Atomic Man** (1956) and others (we omit here such classics as **Attack of the Green Leeches**, 1959).

In the late 60's, led by Stanley Kubrick's **2001: A Space Odyssey** and **A Clockwork Orange**, science-fiction returned to give us Ray Bradbury's **Fahrenheit 451**, **THX 1138**, **Barberella**, **The Andromeda Strain** and **Slaughterhouse Five**.

A lull of several years was broken last year by **Logan's Run**, and 1977 will see a large new generation of sci-fi thrillers.

They include: **Star Trek**, a feature film version of the TV series; **The Star Wars**, a tale of galactic civil wars by the maker of **American Grafitti**; **Close Encounters of the Third Kind**, a cosmic drama from the director of **Jaws** with Richard Dreyfuss and French filmmaker Francois Truffaut taking leading roles; **Alien Encounter**, a UFO adventure epic starring Robert Vaughn.

Also, Universal and Paramount studios are working on a rare joint effort to produce **When Worlds Collide**, a remake of the classic science-fiction thriller; Gregory Peck will star in **Micronauts**, a lavish drama focusing on the aftermath of a major ecological disaster; and United Artists is working on **The Galaxy Within**, tied to parapsychology and featuring visual effects by Douglas Trumbull who designed the fireworks for **2001**.

With these and at least seven other sci-fi films in the works, it could be a rather galactically cosmic year. ●

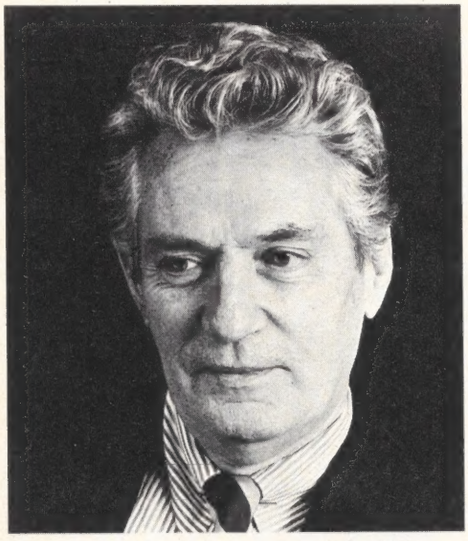
Lyle Slack is the film critic for the Hamilton Spectator.

NOW PLAYING

NETWORK

Starring: William Holden, Faye Dunaway and Peter Finch.

The time is now, the location is a news department of a mythical television network, UBS. An anchorman, knowing he is to be fired because of falling ratings, goes spectacularly insane on-air . . . or does he? This remarkable and moving satire takes a long hard look at today's morality, where one man's love of the truth is considered insane by those who only wish to sell more Wheaties, and never mind how they do it.



THE CASSANDRA CROSSING

Starring: Sophia Loren, Richard Harris, Martin Sheen, O. J. Simpson, Lionel Stander, Ingrid Thulin, Lee Strasberg, Burt Lancaster and Ava Gardner.

The Geneva-to-Stockholm Transcontinental Express leaves Geneva, Switzerland with almost 1,000 people on board. A dying terrorist, fleeing from the police, infects the train with a virulent bacillus that could spread death like wildfire. Totally sealed from the outside world, the passengers must act to save themselves. The responsible parties on the outside must act to save the world.

TWILIGHT'S LAST GLEAMING

Starring: Burt Lancaster, Joseph Cotton, Melvyn Douglas, Richard Jaeckel, Richard Widmark and Paul Winfield.

Just suppose, a few years hence, that an enemy invaded the heart of an American Strategic Air Command missile base and demanded that either the President be given as hostage or two keys would turn, triggering Titan ICBMs toward Armageddon. Burt Lancaster plays the 'enemy' – a dedicated, decorated General whose brand of patriotism confounds the Establishment.

THE LAST TYCOON

Starring: Robert De Niro, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Jack Nicholson, Donald Pleasence and introducing Ingrid Boulting.

Hollywood in the Golden Years, when happy endings and fades into the sunset helped audiences forget the Great Depression, is the setting for this movie, adapted from F. Scott Fitzgerald's final and unfinished novel. **The Last Tycoon** is a moving and faithful portrayal of those very human beings who have now become legend.

THE SENTINEL

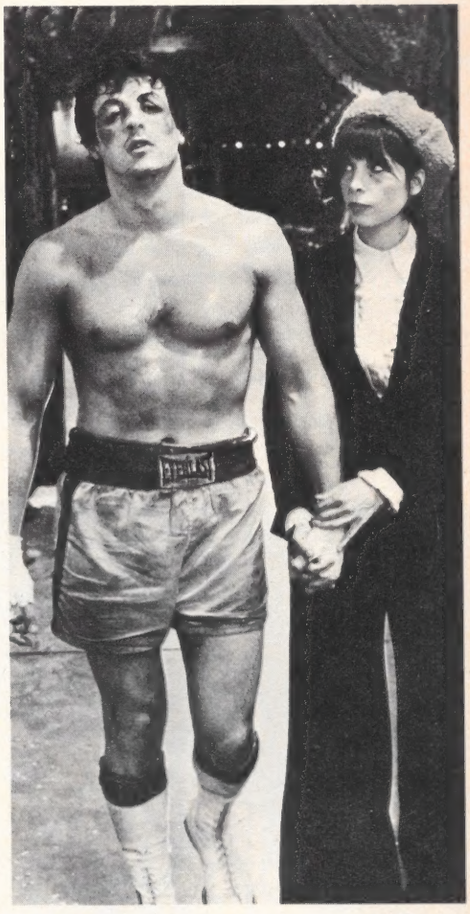
Starring: Chris Sarandon, Christina Raines, Martin Balsam, Ava Gardner, Burgess Meredith, Sylvia Miles, Deborah Raffin and Eli Wallach.

A tingling story of a young model caught up in a web of bizarre events activated when she takes possession of an apartment in a Manhatten brownstone. Here she is thrust into an ominous atmosphere peopled by a macabre assembly of characters, none of whom are quite what he or she appears to be.

FUN WITH DICK AND JANE

Starring: George Segal, Jane Fonda, Ed McMahon and Will Geer.

So what does happen to the successful executive family, happily living way beyond their means, when the husband loses his job and the money runs out? No way will Unemployment Insurance pay for the kid's riding lessons . . . the answer is easy, at least in this comedy. Crime, crime and more crime. Nothing very violent, all very lighthearted. Who knows, maybe there's a lesson for everyone here.



ROCKY

Starring: Sylvester Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young and Burgess Meredith.

Not only is the movie about the classic story of a John Doe, our hero, who triumphs over impossible odds and comes through a winner, it was actually made that way . . . Sylvester Stallone wrote the movie, tried for years to get it produced and then insisted on playing the lead himself – all this from an unknown and largely unproven talent. And in this story of a mediocre boxer who gets a shot at the world title, Stallone gives us a thoughtful and striking film that proves once again that nice guys don't always finish last.

CASANOVA

Starring: Donald Sutherland.

This movie establishes **Casanova** as both a little more and a whole lot less than the greatest seducer of all time. Beset by monumental casting problems – like where to find an attractive seven foot giantess, **Casanova** was three years in the planning, has a final cast of 170 recognizable characters and is a $12 million dollar marriage of director Fellini's erotic, cynical, witty, iconoclastic and bizarre view of **Casanova's** boasts of the past.

Where there's action, there's...

WRIGLEY'S

7 STICKS
7 PALETTES

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